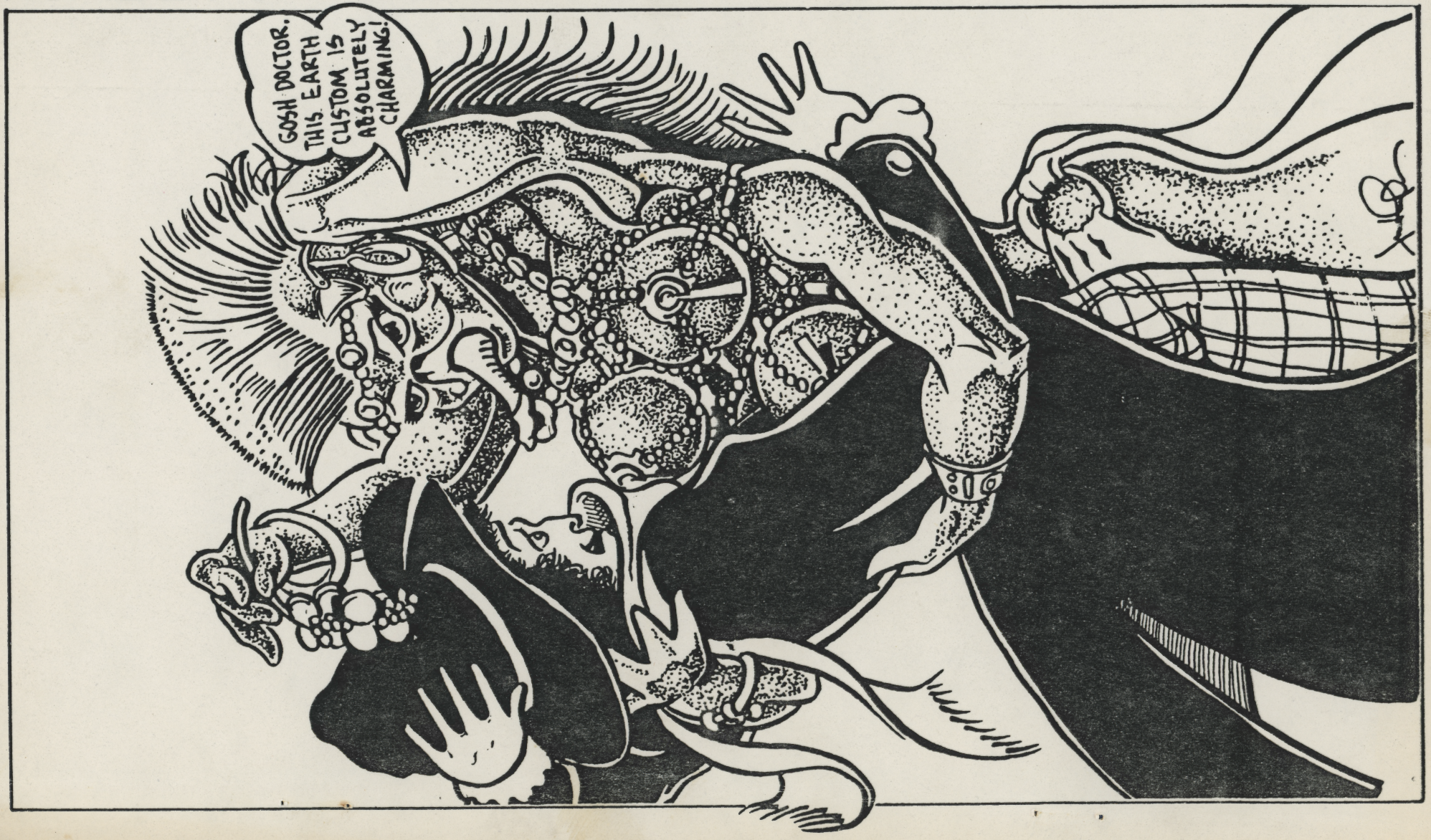
THE WINDS

NUMBER 9 SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE



Earth Issue 9
December 1983

Contents

Second Printing

Publisher's Page 4
Editor's Page 5
Ass't. Ed's. Page 6
A Christmas Dirge
by Caroline Drew 7
It's Christmas Time in the City
by ??? 14
A Day in the Death of the Doctor
by John Peel 19
The City Beneath the Sea
by Jennifer Clark 24
I'll Be Home For Christmas
by Mark Hernandez 35
Limbo
by Shawn M. Garrett 38
Personally I...
by Susan Sizemore 41
Filk Dept. 42
Gale Warnings 43
Just Another Day...
by Jim Thompson 44

STAFF:
Mark Hernandez, Publisher
Susan Garrett, Editor
Betsy Marshall, Ass't. Ed.
Jim Thompson, Art Director
Don Magness, paste-up

Artists This Issue:
Jim Thompson
Cheryl Duval
Anne Davenport
Brad W. Foster
Gennie Summers

Time Winds is an amateur publication, not intended to infringe on the rights of any original T.V., movie, or written material. All rights revert to contributors upon publication. TIME WINDS, Susan M. Garrett, 142 Sunvalley, Toms River, NJ 08753.

Jasper & Co. Semi-Free Press

Pub Page Mark Hernandez

Greetings, folks, welcome one and all to the 9th issue of Time Winds..Boy, have we got some goodies for you...

To start off with, this here is what you call your basic Christmas extravaganza. We decided(read that as everybody involved with this bloody issue decided) to give you something special for the holidays and to thank you for sticking with us for a whole year! So pat yourself on the back and set aside oodles of moola (green stuff/cash/ wampum/touch/m-o-n-e-y!) so you can afford to buy the next five or so issues of this here fanzine.

Sales pitch out of the way, let's get down to cases; i.e. why should you buy this rag-er-I mean this beautifully rendered amateur production. For my ownself I can only say that this is the best zine I've read in years(it's also the only zine I've read in years, but Susan said that if I did not put a personal plug in here some where she would- would-no I can't even think about it, brrr).

One thing good ol' TW has going for it is the best executive staff in existence(Well, maybe not the best executive staff, but one of the best. Well, actually not one of the best, as fanzines go, but for a couple near sighted weenies they do pretty darn good. Well, actu-((Mark, you're gonna die.- Susan.)) Uh-oh.).

Okay! So what have we discovered so far, Hmm. We have discovered a plot to kill me for one thing. And we've also found out that Alexis is really the Master's long lost sister who...(Mark!)

Okay, okay, can't a guy have any fun around here anymore? (NO!)

Dear sir,

I strongly resent the obvious silly asides in this column. And I would recommend most fervently for you to cease and desist.

yours truly,
I.M. Looney
(Deceased)

Keep those cards and letters coming in folks 'cause we all bust a gut while reading them.

Meanwhile,back at the ranch...

Did I tell you it was snowing here in Big D. No,well it is.

Now then where were we- oh yes, the high lights of this issue:

The only non-Christmas story in this issue is the conclusion to Jennifer Clark's - The City Beneath the Sea. Will the Doctor emerge victorious over the sinister ice warriors? Find out in part II of this thrilling story with the Davison Doctor!

What would Christmas be without that all-time classic, A Christmas Carol. Not much for sure, so Caroline Drew has reworked the familiar story into an involving tale called : A Christmas Dirge. The Master is planning to destroy the Earth but, three spirits come to challenge his resolve. This is a must read!

Christmas in the Village is something one has nightmares about. In Limbo, by Shawn M. Garrett, the Doctor and the Prisoner come to terms with a holiday with no joy. Sarah is their too, as the Baker Doctor tries to free them from the clutches of the Village!

Our fourth story, if you can call it that, takes the shape of a bizarre letter that Miss Betsy received in the post a few months back. Our bespectacled editor, Susan, in New York, on Christmas Eve. The big apple takes a pounding in this light-hearted look at Christmas time in the big city. Boy, is New York crowded! Read- It's Christmas Time in the City.

I'll Be Home For Christmas,by my ownself, is aslightly different look at time travel and the perils involved there-in. The Troughton Doctor tries to save the first Terran time traveller from a fate worse than death. It's interesting at the least.

John Peel, for those of you who don't know, is the editor of Fantasy Empire, a magazine devoted to British Science-Fiction. A long time fan of the good Doctor, John, honored us by composing a short entertaining piece called- A Day in the Death of the Doctor. The Pertwee Doctor and Sarah Jane land in the twenties era Chicago and immediately get caught in the middle of a gang war! How does the Doctor survive? Read all about it in this issue of Time Winds!

Well, aside from the odd filk or poem that's about it for this issue of good ol' TW. But that is not all the news! No sirre' bob!(Local dialect courtesy 24 years of living in the south)

November brought us the twentieth anniversary of Doctor Who, and I think it appropriate to discuss it a little. In twenty years many things have changed in this world of ours and not all of them for the better. It is somehow reassuring to know that a program who's only goal is to entertain, can last as long as this one has. It tells us that man's quest for the great whatever has not injured his imagination in the slightest or dampened his need for excitement or adventure.

To us in America the Doctor is an archetype. He is the grandest projection of freedom and knowledge and wisdom and just plain goodness that a whole lot of people sneer at today. That's why I think it great that he's still with us, because as long as he keeps going so do our imaginations. And it is in our dreams that all changes good, as well as bad, come. With the good Doctor around I think that you can all guess which dreams will materialize and which ones will not.

Taht's about it for now. So bundle up and keep warm throughout this winter and look for us in mid-March. When once again the ever blowing maelstrom that is Time's wind will blow us your way!

ADIOS,

Mark Hernandez
Publisher : Time Winds

P.S.

Just a short word to welcome joltin' Jim Thompson to our strangely stereotypical staff. Howdy Jim, sure hope you read the fine print in your contract, boy, 'cause you're in for it now.

Editor's Page

Susan Garrett

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

This is it, the end of the year. TIME WINDS has had NINE issues in one year! Whooppee! And it's all due to those people in Dallas, Mark and Betsy (but 'specially Mark 'cause he's printing the zine and getting artists and retyping the whole thing and stuff like that....). So, take a bow, people. I think we've done well fo our first year.

Just to let you know...Mark wants us to be more than quarterly. He wants us to have FIVE issues every year. Quinterly? Penterly? Anyway, that's what he wants to do. So, what do you think of that? Please let us know.

And speaking of letting us KNOW, not many people have been writing letters of comment (LOC'S). Shame on you. We have artists and writers to keep happy (bread and water just doesn't seem to cut it any more....) and both our lives are in danger unless we get some feedback. For example....what did you like in this issue? (I know you haven't read it yet, but hold on), do you approve of our new format?, how does it stack up to past issues?, what do you want to see more of...which Doctor, which companion, crossover stuff or straight stories....

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?

We really do need to know. And soon. So, drop us a quick letter and, if we print it, and we probably will, you get the issue that your letter appears in FREE!!!! Now I know this wasn't much when we were still small, but now that we've gone reduced print...you're saving some money here. So, please, Please, PLEASE! Send us word.

And speaking about the price increase... Ahem. Well, we wanted to provide you with better material in a neater and nicer format...something you could look at again and again. Which is why we've gone offset, reduced print, etc. We hope you like it. Unfortunately, it also means a larger price. But, think of it this way...you'd be paying $2.50 per issue for a monthly (yep, even reprint prices have risen!) about 40 pages per month. But with reduced print, we can get about three "months" material into ONE quinterly zine. Which means you're probably paying LESS in the long run.

Wow. I didn't think we were actually getting Less expensive...where's my solar calculator?

Yes, we went to Bakercon. But I suppose Betsy will tell y'all about that. Let me just say that I got a nice look at the anniversary stuff before the show. Being at the dealer's table, the closest I ever got to Mr. Baker was when they ran him by my table to get him away from the crowd on Sunday. And he looked like he should have been in bed, poor man.

What happened at Spirit Of Light? I've heard odd and sundry....Troughton was wonderful, even to setting up his own autograph table in the lounge for people who couldn't get an autograph earlier; Davison, Troughton, and Miz Sladen all tended to a child whose mother was overcome by hyperventilation (and took good care of the little darling, too); Mr. Strickson wandered around as an unknown because Turlough isn't really known over here yet...and he had a ball....

Anyone got any other tales to tell?

Oh, by the way. I want to talk about Jim. He's the newest addition to our staff and is going to be handling a lot of layout and art stuff, as well as providing some damn good illos! Without this man generously offering his free time (Like most of us, he does have a non-zine secret identity....) we would be off in the vortex somewhere. So, let's get some feedback for this man, he deserves it. Way to go, JIM!!!!

Ahem. People, we need work. Like, I'm talking artwork and stories and stuff. (Personally I like the stuff best.) But to run a zine we need writers and artists, so please get in touch with us. We do have stories that need to be illoed. If you'd like a shot at it, let us know.

Other than that, I'd like to let you know that we'll be announcing a few surprises for the coming year...in number 10! Sorry to make you wait like this, not all of us have access to a Tardis...but just thought you'd like to know that we finished our first year and we're already planning YEAR TWO - the year of the ....Ooops! Almost told....

Temporally Yours,

Susan M. Garrett

Greetings and good wishes of the season!

I'll keep this short, as my cookies are burning. Once again it is time for all those great traditions, caroling, tree-trimming, chestnuts roasting in the microwave (well, a few new adaptations). But all in all, a time of good feeling for all people-kind.

As you make your separate journeys through this happy season, recall if you will that this is a season of renewal in all things, and strive to make yourself new again also. Rekindle the sense of wonder that we once had, and feel the spirit of love that prevades this time.

Yes, it's true; even the best of us get quite sentimental at times. So read on, and enjoy, and may all you want be yours.

Betsy Mitchell

A CHRISTMAS DIRGE

STORY BY CAROLINE DREW

PICTURES BY
CHERYL WHITFIELD DUVAL

The holiday shoppers scurried through the Victorian streets, calling greetings to one another as they juggled their packages. Already, groups of carolers had begun to sing, moving from door to door, their faces shining as brightly as the flames of their candles.

A horse drawn cab rushed by, kicking up snow onto a man, dressed in black, who was walking down the sidewalk. Immediately, a small black box appeared in his hand, directed toward the carriage.

He paused, momentarily, then replaced the weapon. A tissue compression eliminator would only draw attention to his presence, a situation that he was willing to avoid. Why break one stalk of wheat when the field would be ablaze soon enough?

The idea amused him. The Master walked the snowy streets in relative comfort, the temperature insignificant for the moment. He could afford to smile. This time period could be nothing but amusing; the people running cheerily homeward under the glow of the gas lights, their thoughts occupied by nothing more than their own immediate comfort. Little did they know that this night was more than their peculiar celebration called Christmas Eve... it was also the eve of Oblivion!

He rounded a corner, looking to his left for some reason, and collided with something. It was a young child, dressed in urchin's rags. She fell into the snow amidst a shower of matches, as her tray overturned. The Master spared her a glance, a bit of immature human refuse - she was none of his concern. He continued his stroll, passing into a dark city alley.

The crate appeared to be abandoned, weathered as the rest of the refuse at the back of the alley. The Master touched the side of it lightly, almost with some fondness. A crystalline rod appeared within his hand. He touched it to the side of the crate. The rotted wood moved inward, revealing an absorbing darkness.

Ah, to be back! This was his haven, his fortress. Here he could withdraw from the petty confusion of this miserable world. This was his place, the place from which he would fragmentize the ball of dirt that had cost him so much difficulty..

Too often had the Doctor thwarted his conquest. Now, he would have his revenge, but it must be exceptionally timed. At precisely five forty-five A.M., December 25, just before the first ray of morning sunlight, the crust of the Earth would shift. The movement would be almost imperceptable. Unless, of course, a subsonic beam was used to shatter the shift and pierce the world's core.

He had such a machine. And planned to use it. The Master paused over the controls, wondering if he should proceed directly to the required time... Yet, he wanted to savor his victory. Beyond that, although he would not admit it, his latest battles with the Doctor had drained him. A recuperative sleep was in order.

He touched an alternate button on his console. A section of the ebony wall of his control room opened with a hiss. It was a perfectly concealed doorway, not that he often had unwelcome guests, but it helped to make things difficult... just in case. He smiled, running his hand along the corridor wall. Every few feet was another trap, another device to dispose of an invader. His Tardis was a fortress.

And then, his private chambers.... The room was Spartan, still dark, with nothing but a flat shelf on which he rested, a bookcase filled with books and tapes from worlds since turned to dust, and his work desk. This alone was lit, a terminal on the desk blinked the local time incessantly. He silenced it to darkness with a wave of his hand.

The hand continued, moving across the desk, to a panel. He tapped the panel once... twice... The wood disappeared, revealing a small cavern. The box inside was dark plastic, opaque, but shone with the light of the thing in it's interior.

He shoved the box into the cavern, pleased at the thud it made. Turning on his heel, he walked over to the marble ledge, stetched out, and closed his eyes. He tried to concentrate on his coming victory, but his thoughts kept turning to the black plastic box...and the thing inside of it.

****

His eyes shot open at the sound - Thump, pause...thump! Bending at the waist, he sat up, almost mechanically.

A glowing figure was hunched over his bookcase; it pulled out a book, glanced at it, then replaced it.

Thump...pause...thump.

In an impossible situation (No intruder should ever be able to infiltrate HIS Tardis!), the best mode of action was direct. He lifted his laser from the wall mounting (an obvious weapon, why hadn't it been disturbed?) and pointed it at the figure by the bookcase. "You will turn around immediately," he commanded, "Keeping your hands in sight."

The glowing form stood, almost assuming a more solid form before his eyes. The Master blinked as the shape wavered. It must be a trick of the light....

"My dear fellow," began the intruder, turning.

"No," said the Master softly. "It could not be...."

The man before him was dressed in a full opera cape, a red velvet smoking jacket, and a ruffled shirt. The eyes, perched above a hawkish nose, twinkled. He was...smiling. "I didn't mean to awaken you."

The Master couldn't do anything but smile. His enemy, albeit engulfed in a blue glow, was in his direct line of fire. "I would be pleased to exchange pleasatries with you at another time, Doctor, but you've invaded my realm. I'm afraid that I shall be forced to defend it and put an end to our recurrent acquaintance."

"Oh very well," sighed the figure. "I suppose we'll have to get the theatrics over with."

The laser flared.

The light burned into his eyes and the Master blinked away the afterimage. The Doctor seemed unharmed, merely shaking his head. The wall behind him was scorched. The bookcase was nothing more than a pile of ash.

The Doctor looked down at the remains. "A pity, that. You had a selection or two that I was unaquainted with. I'd hoped to borrow them, but now...."

The Master fired again. The laser flared. The afterimage faded away.

The Doctor was still there. He looked at the wall and clucked his tongue. "I do hope you plan on redecorating. Those char marks will be difficult to cover up. Perhaps...wallpaper?"

The Master paused, disconcerted. For an energy beam to pass through an object, but leave no trace on the object must; a) have a device that deflects the beam, b) be a projection of the true object, or c) not be there at all. He tended toward the former explanations. The latter with two alternatives, believing in the supernatural

or...his own madness. He would not accept either. "A worthy accomplishment, deflecting a laser beam." He tried to conceal the admiration in his voice.

"Deflect?" The Doctor looked at him questioningly. "I didn't deflect any beam."

"But you must have," protested the Master. "If you didn't deflect it, you must be a projection. No Time Lord has the power to project an image into a sealed Tardis." He paused. "Or, do you?"

"No." The Doctor shook his head. He held his hands out before him. "Nothing up my sleeves, therefore, no deflection device. As to projection, that would be a trick, wouldn't it? But, no...I'm not a projection either."

The Master walked to the terminal, laser still in his hand. The lights flickered as he passed his hand over the keyboard. He glanced over his shoulder.

The Doctor's arms were folded across his chest. He waited patiently, examining the fingernails on his right hand.

The computer beeped. "Ready for entry...."

"How many Time Lords are within this room?"

The machine ticked. "Master, one Time Lord being."

The Doctor laughed. "You don't know what I am?"

"You are not the Time Lord you appear to be," said the Master, gathering as much dignity as he could muster."The only alternatives are impossible; I am not mad and there are no such things as ghosts."

The Doctor nodded. "Being a ghost, I'd like to hear your argument on that one. I'd use the 'Cogito Ergo' method, but then, would it apply to a spirit...."

"A ghost?" The Master chuckled. "Even if I were to accept that, the idea is ludicrous. My hated enemy hanting me? But that would be to my advantage...you would have died a true death and been unable to regenerate."

"Interesting conjecture." The ghost put a finger to his lips and stared off into space. "But then, I'm not the ghost of a person, but of an idea."

"Ideas do not have ghosts."

"Of course not. Ideas are ghosts. For example, I am the Ghost of Christmas Past." He gestured with a lighted candle that suddenly appeared in his hand.

Immediately, the odor of fresh pine and melted wax wafted through the room.

The Master nearly gagged. He stared at this ghost/Doctor. "Come now, you can't expect me to believe that." His tone was patronizing.

The Doctor blinked. "Why not? Is it all so difficult ?"

"But I'm not even a citizen of this miserable planet!" protested the Master. "Why must you disturb me now?"

"It's midnight. Ghosts always appear at midnight," informed the Spirit, with a conspiratorial wink. "As for why you...well.... Last year we had such success with that Scrooge fellow that we decided to give it another go. We looked for the meanest soul on the planet. There you were, like a black beacon amidst all the holiday cheer." The figure gestured with the candle, throwing bits of wax onto the floor.

"Very well, Doctor, if you wish to play this game..."

"My name is Spirit. You will address me as such." The ghost stared at him. A chill wind flowed through the room. "This form is of no consequence...an experiment of sorts. We used the form of one of Scrooge's old friends as a herald last time. It made quite an impact. In an attempt at something new, each of us will assume a form that you are, or will be, familiar with." He looked at the terminal, which blinked the local time. "Ten minutes late. Quickly, take my hand!"

The Master shrunk back. "Spirit, or whoever you are, be gone! I have no need of you."

The Spirit seemed downcast. "It wouldn't harm you any to try," he said softly. "Think of it as an experiment. Surely you're curious?"

"Yes, admitted the Master. He, too, looked at the time. More than five hours until the destruction of the Earth. "How long shall we be gone?"

"Less than two hours." The spirit frowned. "Much less if we don't hurry. No physical harm shall come to you. Come and see the past!"

"I am a Time Lord," said the Master haughtily. "All times are open to me."

"There are some pasts that only I can show you." The spirit/Doctor stretched out his hand. "Come."

The Master hesitated. Suddenly, he slipped his hand into his enemy's grasp.

****

There was no sensation of movement or motion. They were there...a small room with brightly colored desks of molded plastic. Each desk was its own cubicle, its own world.

The Master looked over the scene dispassionately. "And where is this hidden past, Spirit?"

"Your birthworld."

"Gallifrey!" hissed the Master.

The Spirit nodded. "Yes, Gallifrey. The time is more than seven hundred years in your past, Earth time."

"My...past." The Master frowned. "Impossible. Gallifrey is constructed in a temporal singularity matrix. No Time Lord can return to the planet's past."

"But we haven't returned to the past, physically. We are ghosts, observers, nothing more." The Spirit gestured with the candle. "Look."

The Master scoffed. "Observers? Bah." He tried to slam his hand down on one of the desk cubicles, but his hand passed through it. He lifted his hand, examining it. "Interesting."

The Spirit touched his arm, gesturing him forward. "That you will find even more interesting."

A child was sitting at a desk, frowning. Occasionally, he would scratch a number or two on a light board with a stylus.

"You have brought me to see a child?" asked the Master, annoyed. "Spirit...."

"Watch!" commanded his enemy.

There was noise in the hallway, the voices of children in play. The boy's head turned, eyes staring off into the distance. His dark eyes were sad.

"It is the Festival of Light," said the Spirit softly.

"Yes...an archaic ritual - much like the Earth Christmas." The Master's tone changed. "But why is the child here? Why is he not celebrating with the others?"

"Because the others have turned him away. He is highly intelligent."

"As is always the way," said the Master. "The fools, always afraid of someone smarter, better than they are. In all the worlds, it is the same." The Master stood behind the child, examining the screen. His hand passed through the chair. "Tachyometry? Why, that's sixth level beta. Much too difficult a study for one

so young."
The Spirit nodded. "He has a brilliant mind. His elders recognize this and give him difficult work. He completes it."
"But they give him no praise," said the Master roughly. "Only more difficult theories." He raised his hand, as if to pat the child on the shoulder, but pulled it back.
He looked at the screen again, then turned to the ghost. "Spirit, what trickery is this? I know this child. He is...myself."
No trickery," said the Spirit. "Now, watch...."
Another child walked into the room. His eyes were bright, his hair lighter and curly. He tilted his head to look at the screen.
"What is it?" asked the dark child, annoyed.
"I wanted to see what you were doing." He sighed. "Things are very dull out there."
"They always are. Even during festival."
The other child smiled. "Did you ever wonder...there are so many interesting places to be, don't you think?"
The dark child leaned his elbow on the desk. "Oh, yes. Just think, a primitive planet...."
"With all sorts of horrible creatures that could eat you...."
"And no boring computations!"
"I'm going exploring someday," promised the child with the bright eyes.
"But you have to get your degree first, then submit a thesis...."
The child waved his hand, tossing aside imaginary red tape. "No, not like that! Just... go. Explore."
"We'll go together," said the dark child. "I'll navigate, I'm much better at tri-temporal axis than you are...."
"Enough, Spirit!: said the Master. He cleared his throat and lowered his voice. "Enough. Take me back. You've not shown me anything that I was not aware of."
"The quantity of your memory was never in question. But the accuracy...."
"Yes, I do remember things...differently." The Master watched the children talking. "But then, that is my concern, not meant to be paraded forth by a Spirit."
"As you wish." The Spirit bowed with a flourish.

****

They stood in the Master's chamber once more.
"And that was all that you could show me?" sneered the Master, his control returning. "A child? Leave me, Spirit. I was right, you are not worth my time."
"Perhaps not," admitted the Spirit/Doctor. "I have shown you only a beginning. You did not allow me to show more. My brother spirit may find something more to your taste...."
"Wait!" The spirit was fading before his eyes. "Stop!"
"Look for...the second stroke...."

****

The Master sat up in the darkness, frowning. Then, he smiled. A dream. He had fallen asleep and dreamed. And why should he not dream of his enemy on the night of his victory?
He rose and walked over to the computer terminal. The digits fell into place - two o'clock terran time. On an impulse, he walked over to the bookcase.
The books were nothing more than ash. A black laser scar marked the wall.
A dream, was it?

"No, not a dream," said a cheerful bass voice.
The Master spun, his hand fumbling for a laser no longer there.
The man before him was tall, taller than his previous intruder, and was wearing a long frock-coat and an argyle vest. The oddest part of his ensemble was the scarf that hung down past his knees, trailing along the floor. Wide eyes peered out from beneath a wreath perched upon his curly head. He was glowing blue.
The Master started to laugh. "And you, Spirit, do you assume the shape of my enemy as well?"
"I am the Spirit of Christmas Present," said the ghost/Doctor pleasantly. "I am in the form another uses now."
The Master nodded. "So, he has regenerated. From an old man into a buffoon."
"Sticks and stones," replied the Spirit, not at all dismayed. He smiled, a dazzling smile. "Take my hand, we must be off."
"Where Spirit?" asked the Master. "Where could you take me that I could not go myself?"
The Spirit smiled. "Take my hand and see."
Intrigued, the Master reached out his hand.

****

They were in the city intersection he had left not many hours before. It was still daylight in this time, the city flowed around them, the early evening traffic of Christmas Eve.
"Ah, I have you now! I was in this very spot this afternoon."
"I am the ghost of Christmas present," reminded the Spirit, absently tugging on his scarf with one hand. "As for going elsewhere...." The Spirit took the Master's hand and walked through a wall behind them.
The Master was dragged closer to the wall, then through it.
The room was a dining room, lit by gas and candles. Four children and two adults stood at a dining table, loaded with Christmas goodies, each holding the other's hand. Some servants stood off to one side, family still, though not by blood. All of the faces were flushed, whether by the warmth of the room or the cheer of the season he could not say.
"A domestic scene," acknowledged the Master, crossing his arms over his chest. "How quaint."
The man at the head of the table stood. He stared seriously through his spectacles at the other members of his family, each of whom had bowed their heads. "May God bless us upon this holy eve. We thank him for the good fortune he has bestowed upon us this season and seasons to come."
"Amen." answered the group.
The Spirit caught the Master's arm, pushing him out through the wall.
"And what would they say if they knew that their world would end in the morning?" asked the Master, almost cheerfully.
"They would look to one another for comfort, as do intelligent beings in times of crisis, or pain, or sorrow." The Spirit looked at him with sad, grey eyes. "Or loneliness."
The Master fumed. "I do not want your pity, Spirit."
"Oh, it's not for you," rumbled the deep voice quickly. "Never for you. But for them...."
The Master looked into the darkness of the early morning street. They had passed into a later time of that day when the true citizens of the city roamed; the homeless, the unwanted, the unloved. Tattered relics of human beings crept

through the streets, occasionally stopping to pick through some garbage or steal from their own kind.

The Master did not look away, but neither was there pity in his eyes for these. He had seen them, countless times on countless worlds, scrambling for what meager existence they could find. But...there on the corner.... A girl sat, shivering in her rags, a tray of matches at her side. Several burnt matches lay in the snow beside her.

"That child...," muttered the Master. For a moment, old memories came back to him; the laugh of a young woman, her large eyes and sweet smiles...all for someone else, all for the person that he did not want to hate....

Damn these Spirits! They made him think on things that had not bothered him for...some time. Yet, there was still the black plastic box....

He looked up at the Spirit,who was watching him with ancient eyes. "That child, I bumped into her this afternoon." He turned and started to cross the street, but the Spirit caught his arm, stopping him.

"It is time," he intoned.

"But the child?" asked the Master, seeing only the large eyes and smiles of the past. "Spirit, what will become of her?"

The Spirit/Doctor shook his head. "That I do not know. You must ask my brother. He shall come for you at the stroke of four. Be ready for him...."

"Wait!"

****

"Wait!" The Master sat up again. He slid from the tablet quickly, now certain that the strange happenings of the night were not due to madness or sleep. Something was happening.

The computer clicked the hour into place. Immediately, he turned.

The final spirit was blond, shorter than the last, but of finer features. His clothes, though still unusual, were more subdued in color and style. . He wore a sprig of holly in his lapel. And he glowed - blue.

"And who are you?" asked the Master.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas yet to be," said the Spirit quiently. He spoke softly, but his voice was firm.

"What can you show me, Spirit?" asked the Master haughtily. "All futures are open to me."

The Spirit shook his head. "No, not all. I am the Spirit of Christmas yet to be. You can see only the future, one future. I can show you that which may never be."

The Master nodded. "I would see two things, Spirit. Show me my own end. And the fate of that child...the one I stumbled across in the street."

The Spirit nodded. "Take my hand."

****

It was a cold world, mountainous and barren of life. Bodies were strewn across the battlefield, corpses both organic and mechanical.

"The Daleks," breathed the Master.

The Spirit pointed.

The Master walked forward and stared at the charred body, impassive. "So, regenerated. I will yet live again...untill this. And defeated by the Daleks. But I shall be their end as well." He smiled. "There is some comfort in that. And that he was not the victor.

"There." The Spirit moved and pointed again.

Just beyond the charred body was another, partially shielded. The battered figure moved slightly, then began to crawl toward a box thrown to one side. The blood-covered Time Lord lifted himself on his elbows, over the box, then turned his head toward the charred figure before him. He fell forward, onto the box.

In the distance, an explosion sounded...one then another, each triggering a smaller succession of explosions. The ground rocked beneath him, leading to the biggest explosion of all.

He was watching the destruction of himself. And Skaro.

And his enemy.

He looked to the Spirit. "I'll give my life to keep him alive? Let him live long enough to destroy the Daleks?"

"It is a future." The Spirit paused. "At the first moment, it was one of the many endings already projected."

"It is a future, or not." The Master pondered the question. Before the Time Lord had fallen upon the box, he had looked up, back to a charred corpse of...a friend, or a rival, or... a betrayer? What actions had led to this ending, what choices to this death?

"A future," he whispered darkly, clenching his fists. "A future, but not the future. This is only one."

"One is all that you will see." The Spirit's voice was amused. "It may or may not, be this ending."

The Master nodded. "And...my other request?"

The Spirit held out his hand. The Master took it.

****

They stood in the graveyard, amidst blowing snow. Two men were trying to break through the rock-hard earth. Beside them was a small wooden box, no more than a thin crate, about the size of a small child.

"What...?" asked the Master.

"Listen," instructed the Spirit.

One of the workmen climbed up out of the small hole. "'Orrible thing, this. Jus' 'orrible."

"Know what'cha mean," grunted the other. "Froze to death, right on the street. On Christmas mornin' too."

"Funny thing was, I was there when they found 'er...."

The other man started digging. "Yeah. 'Eard that she burned all the matches up, one big fire. Prob'ly to keep 'erself warm."

"Naw." The other one cuffed him. "Naw. Funny thing was, she was smilin'. Like an angel, she was, a beautiful smile on 'er."

"Best thing that could'a happened to 'er," said the man in the hole. He wiped his runny nose on his sleeve. "She'd 'ave prob'ly gone to the work'ouse, 'er grandmer being dead. Then the streets...."

"She'll be better dead," said the other.

The Master looked at the Spirit. "The child will die?"

"All must die, eventually," said the Spirit/Doctor, his mouth drawn in a grim line. "Only the time is not known. The child may die...or not. If...."

"If something changes," said the Master, seeing long dark hair and shining eyes. "If something intervenes."

****

They were back in the Master's chamber. The digital clock read five forty.

"Five minutes," reminded the Spirit. "You may destroy the world..."

"Or save the child." That bundle of rags, the grimed face somehow brought back a whiff of soft flower scent, the touch of a hand.... He looked at the Spirit. "Destroy this world? It will mean nothing to the Doctor in the long run. And to destroy these people would be a justice, remove a blight upon the universe. But justice I'll leave to him."

"What reason is there to save the child?" asked the Spirit. "It is only one insignificant human life."

The Master looked at the Spirit in surprise. "You may wear my enemy's form, but you do not know him. As for saving the child, I have my reason. That is enough." The Master opened a desk drawer and withdrew a small chest. Running his hand along the wall behind it, he grabbed a blanket from the closet.

Then he stopped and looked back at the desk. His eyes closed, he opened the secret compartment by touch alone, taking the box from its hiding place. Only after he had stowed the box within the blanket did he open his eyes.

He ran from the room, never noticing that the Spirit had departed.

The digital clock read five forty-six.

****

He wrapped the child in the blanket. She was suffering from frostbite and exposure, but was still alive.

The burnt matches were scattered beneath his feet as he lifted her, tucking the blanket beneath her.

She stirred. "Grandmother...."

"No. A...friend." He looked around the deserted street. The house, the house the Spirit had taken him to! Snow flew as he ran across, out into the street, and up the step of the other house.

He rapped on the door, loudly, continuously.

Eventually, there were sounds of life from within. The man he had seen at the head of the table poked his head around the door. "Good God, man! Do you know what time it is?"

The Master smiled. "Perfectly. There's been an accident." He pushed past the man and on into the house.

Two of the servants were standing in the hall, backing up the master of the house. A woman, a robe thrown over her nightdress, peered down from the top of the stairs. She caught sight of a face within the blanket and her maternal instincts took over.

"What happened?" She brushed past her husband and motioned one of the servants to take the child from the Master's arms.

"Overexposure," said the Master.

The woman bustled the servant upstairs, the child still in his arms. She followed close behind.

"I say!" began her husband.

The Master opened the bag slung over his shoulder and withdrew the small chest. He thrust it into the man's hands saying, "I'm in something of a hurry. Now, this will more than care for the child...a small fortune in gold. Get adequate care for her, tutors and that sort, make certain that she's well educated."

The catch on the chest sprang open. The man was astounded by the amount of gold inside. "On my word, sir...."

"Take a modest fee. Modest. If you misuse the funds, it will go badly for you." The Master looked him in the eye. "Very badly indeed."

The Master turned, as if to leave, then stopped. He licked his lips, then withdrew from the bag the small case of hard black plastic. "You must give this to her ...when she comes of age. On no account is it to be sold or put into pawn, is that understood?"

The man began to answer indignantly, but the words stopped coming out as sounds as soon as the Master opened the lid.

It was a necklace. The chain was carved from a single piece of metal, each link twisted away from the next, but never really free. The color changed from a silver to an amber, then back to silver again, glowing of its own accord. On the center piece were three stones; a grey, a blue, and a black, each with some scrawled engraving beneath it.

The Master clicked the box shut, suddenly, then threw it into the chest. Before the man could react, he was out the door, disappearing into the first snow of Christmas morning.

The woman was coming down the stairs. "Sir, your little girl..." She looked around. "Allen? Allen where did he go?"

"I don't know." Allen closed the door. The snow was melting around his bare feet. "He left in rather a hurry."

"But what was his name?"

"Dash it all, he didn't say!" He opened the door again and stared out into the grey.

The stranger was gone.

****

The Master leaned over the console, breathing heavily. It was becoming more and more difficult to work with this body. It would be time for him to regenerate again.

But that was impossible. He had no more regenerations.

But from what he knew...but that was a dream. All of it, one giant dream.

He ran back to his chambers, still gasping, and fell onto the desk. There, in the compartment....

It was open, empty.

But that, he knew, was no dream. He had saved a child's life instead of destroying a planet. And he did not know why.

Or, perhaps, he did not want to know.

The necklace. He cursed the day he had first seen the piece finished, read the names inscribed beneath each stone, presented it, with his...friend.

Presented it to a lady. A very special lady.

And he had killed her. And her daughter.

It was an accident. And it was the first day that he had seen the eyes of his...the eyes that had hated bureaucracy and insensitivity, immorality and senseless agression, the eyes that had hated anything that destroyed life - but that had never hated life itself. The eyes that had seen, but had not believed, had not wanted to believe.

Until it was too late.

Until there was death between them.

And hatred.

But now, he had saved a life instead. He was quit of it, one life for another, for the pair... and the necklace would seal it. There would be nothing more for him to do with his enemy.

He would be free to work his evil, free from any guilt. Evil that was accident was not true evil, so it had haunted him. But now, the life was repaid. And evil could begin in earnest, greater evil than the universe had ever seen...

power beyond imagining!

His chest burned. He clutched at it weakly, then fell to the floor. The burning started, the breakdown of the body, his body....

His last body.

There would be no time for such evil, he had too late made his peace, too late freed himself to gain the power he desired, the power he needed to live.

Power. The gift of Rassilon. The very Eye of Harmony, itself.

He began to crawl to the console room, desperate movements in the darkness, while his mind conceived of a way to destroy the Time Lords... and his enemy.

The "ghost" of Christmas Past stood by a viewscreen, watching the London snow in the Victorian past. The crate, in an alley, had just disappeared from the viewscreen. "Its's done, Toolie."

The brown haired youngster, in yellow robes, tried to remove the scarf around his neck. "I knew it would work. Ow! How did he ever manage...!"

"You did not!" replied the third. She tilted down her head, combing out her long, blond hair. Her robes hung over her. "Raj, will you turn off that hologram!"

The "Ghost" shimmered. He was a young man, perhaps in his late teens, slightly older than the others around him. He threw back his head and laughed. "We've done it! We've saved the world!"

"Of course we did!" Toolie's brown eyes sparkled. "How could anything go wrong? He trained us himself, rehearsed us in our parts. But Jenna, you were the best."

Jenna bowed, her hair slipping over her shoulder. She stopped suddenly, thoughtful. "To think, I made him choose a child over a world."

"A worldly accomplishment for a telepath," agreed Raj. "The play went well, better than we expected. Especially after he cut my scenes in the first act."

Jenna out her arm around his shoulder. "It did what it was supposed to do, it made him remember. Maybe seeing the scenes would have been worse...he might have become violent."

Toolie shuddered. "I'm real glad he didn't fire that laser at me. I wouldn't have transmatted out that quickly."

"He was convinced by that point," said Jenna. She walked over to the viewscreen.

Raj stood behind her. "What?"

She shook her head lightly. "And this might not have happened if the Doctor hadn't seen the necklace." She looked over at Raj. "What a way to start a family heirloom. But they followed his directions to the letter, it was never sold or pawned. Seventeen generations, from mother to daughter. To me."

Toolie walked over, finally out of the scarf, and carrying a tray with three filled glasses on it. He set the tray down, in mid air, then took a glass. "I wonder what he'll do now."

"The Doctor?" asked Raj.

"No." He nodded at the screen. "The Master."

"Who knows?" Raj shrugged and took a glass from the tray. "From what the Doctor said, this was all in his past, that's why he couldn't do anything directly. That's why he needed our help."

Jenna picked up her glass.

"Jenna, the necklace! Where'd it go?"

"It's all right, Toolie." She patted his shoulder. "It <u>is</u> Christmas. I gave it to the Doctor, as a present...before he left."

Raj frowned. "I hope he realized how much it meant to you."

Jenna lowered her eyes. "It meant more to him."

"Hey, aren't we supposed to make a toast or something?" Toolie smiled. "Raj?"

"Jenna? You dot it. It was your necklace."

She looked from one of them to the other. "To old friends," she said softly. "May we never forget."

Three glasses clinked in a spaceship high above a world that never realized how close to oblivion it had come...

Almost a thousand years before.

BAMF

It's Christmastime in the City

(A letter - postmark unreadable)

Somewhen
Somewhere

Allright, I know I haven't written and I'm sorry. But listen, it happens, especially in New York.

And espcially at Christmas.

Like I told you, I was staying at Grandmama's in Brooklyn. Now, granted, New York City is not the garden spot of the world (New Jersey is. Get it, the "garden state". Ha,Ha.). But New York at Christmas.....

The tree and iceskating in Rockefeller Center, snow covered sidewalks, the nip in the air - everything smells new. Down around Central Park the horse drawn buggies have bells on them. Everyone is carrying packages and most of them are towing kids behind them, some even drop a few coins or a bill in the black kettles next to the sidewalk-Santas. The subway smells like pine trees instead of stale cigarette smoke. Even the cabbies smile, now and again.

In Dallas, you just can't understand - at Christmas, New York City is the place to be. Anything can happen there.

And anything usually does.

You know me. I just had to save all of my Christmas shopping for Christmas Eve. My plane was going to leave J.F.K. airport at ten p.m. that evening. I'd arrive in Dallas by midnight. Which left me the whole day to go shopping.

I took the subway into Manhatten. It was crowded, a lot of old New Yorkers come back to the city at Christmas, but no one was really put out. If an old man had tapped me on the shoulder at some other time, I would have ignored him. But not at Christmas.

He was wearing a fur hat and a large overcoat, oddly cut. "Excuse me, younglady. At what time shall we arrive in Manhatten?"

"Another twenty minutes."

There was a teenager with him. She was wearing a snowsuit and had a cute face, like one of Wendy's elves. "It really is an inefficient way to travel, Grandfather. We should have taken the Tardis."

"The trains are almost always on time now," I protested. "Besides, think of the experience. There's nothing in the world like the New York subways." I turned back to the old man. "Are you going to Radio City for the Christmas Show?"

He smiled. "There, Susan. That's the ticket! Do they have matinees?"

"Certainly." I smiled. "My name's Susan also."

"Really? How extraordinary. Would you like to come with us?"

"Sorry." I shook my head. "I've got a lot of shopping to do."

The train stopped and they got off at the Broadway exit. "Perhaps we'll see you again," he called.

"I hope so." It was a little naive, imagine finding someone again in New York, by accident!

Macey's was supposed to be my first stop, but I missed my exit - the train was so crowded, I couldn't get to the door before it closed. It was okay, though. I was in no hurry. It was only five a.m. so I had the whole day.

The library was the next stop, so I got off the train there. I could walk the rest of the way. So, I leave the station and head out into the street, but this big cat runs by and knocks me over. But it wasn't just a big cat, it was a black panther!

It was only a little after five and still kind of dark, so I might have been wrong. But if it was a house-cat, it was one rellacious house-cat. The thing was, it ducked into an alley, so I couldn't get a good look at it.

Then this woman runs by, hits me square on, and keeps running. My sister's a cop so I can spot them a mile away, she had to be plainclothes. This cop kept looking around, walking in the shadows of buildings and like that. Then, she took off.

Somebody tapped me on the shoulder, nearly scared the life out of me! He was tall, blondish (your type), accented (my type), and wore an evening overcoat and a white sash around his neck.

"Could you possibly point me in the direction of the library?"

"Yeah. Over there." I pointed down the street.

"Um." He looked down that way, then back the other direction. "Did you by any chance see a woman, about five foot seven, brown hair...."

"The plainclothes cop? Sure. She went that way."

"Is she that obvious?" He smiled. "I must tell her. Thank you, you've been a great help."

So does he go to the library? No! He takes off in another direction entirely. And I swear, Betz, if I didn't have all that shopping to do and could follow him....

Anyway I went to Macey's. I've mentioned the window displays - they have little scenes that move, like in Disneyland.

Right after I went through the door, there was a big commotion. This little man wearing a black ski-cap and baggy pants was trying to help his friend out of the revolving door. The boy was wearing a big wooly vest and a kilt. Yes, I said a kilt. They must have been part of a tour group. The kid wedged himself in the door and was ready to break the glass with this really wicked looking knife.

I didn't want these guys caught by security and the kid really looked frightened, so I helped get him out of the door.

"Thank you," said the smaller man. He was kind of cute and had laugh wrinkles around his eyes, which meant that he smiled a lot. "Could you direct us to the stairs?"

"Escalator's to your left." I looked at his friend. "If you think he can handle it."

"Jamie? Of course he can handle it. Bright lad, but a bit impulsive at times." He shook my hand. "Thank you again."

"Merry Christmas," I said.
"Is it really?" He looked around in astonishment. "That would explain a lot."
I headed upstairs, but I heard him explaining, "...An escalator is a staircase that moves...."

I'm not going to tell you what I bought at Macey's. HA! My next stop was a tailor on the west side. One of Grandmama's little trips into the city, she'd dropped off my windbreaker. Now, I wouldn't need my big wooly coat in Dallas, but that windbreaker was indispensible.
By the time I walked into the place, I had more boxes than I knew what to do with. Then the tailor, Del Florio, couldn't find my jacket. To top it all off, these two guys came from the back of the store and knocked over all of my boxes.
I was heartbroken. The box from Macey's made a tinkling sound. It was smashed.
The blond man seemed sorry - he had nice eyes. He apologized (so did the guy with the dark hair) and took a wad of bills out of his pocket. We're talking loaded, he handed me fifty bucks! I told him it wasn't worth that much, but he made me take the money. Then they left.
The tailor found my jacket, in the back, of course. And with fifty dollars, I could be extravagant... so I headed for Sak's and Bloomingdales. Bloomingdales has a great toy department (strictly buisness...I was there for my godson's gift). I spent three hours looking through the stuffed animals. When I found just the right bear, it was grabbed from the shelf by this perky blond girl.

"Oh, I'm sorry." She saw my chin hit the floor. "I didn't mean to take him from you. Oh dear, and there's not another one like him..!"
"That's all right."
She held the bear out. "Here, you take him."
"No, I can't...."
"You must. Really, I have more stuffed animals..."
"I agree." He was a tall man, with a head of curly white hair. He looked distinguished, like somebody's eccentric uncle. "Honestly, young lady, you'd be doing me a favor. Jo's collection is formidible. We're almost out of room."
Jo stamped her foot. "Doctor! That's not true." She smiled at me. "But I would like you to have this bear."
I took it. "Thanks. But you'll have to let me buy you lunch."
"No, that will be my pleasure," said the Doctor, offering each of us an arm. "If Jo can decide on her new aquisition. And you can suggest someplace for lunch." He pionted to the top shelf. "Jo, what about that penguin with the bow tie?"

Betsy, it was the best lunch I've ever had! Four star restaurant and all! Ammend my description of the Doctor to read, "Somebody's rich eccentric uncle." And me dressed in my grubbies!
The Doctor and Jo asked me to take in a show with them, but I really did have to do some shopping, especially to replace your... um.. the Macey's box. So, I went to Tiffany's.
Now I know what you're thinking, fifty dollars does not a trip to Tiffany's make. The funny thing is, it became five hundred and fifty dollars!
I was standing on the curb, bear perched on top of the boxes, when a woman ran up to me. She grabbed the bear, waved a picture at me, saying, "That's the one!"
It was a picture of my bear. Still, I grabbed the poor thing back. "Hey, that's my bear!"
A dark haired man ran up, well dressed. "Where did you get that bear?"
"Bloomindales. But it was the only one they had!" I wasn't about to lose my bear. Besides they wern't even New Yorkers, the woman sounded west coastish, and the man had a faint irish accent.
The woman turned to him and started talking but the man held up his hand before her. "Laura, let me handle this." He turned to me.
"How much do you want for the bear?"
I was astonished. "But it's the last one.."
He flashed a wad of bills. "Say, five hundred..?"
Laura's jaw hit the ground. "But..!"
"He's yours!" I dropped the bear into her arms and snatched up the cash. "That's an awful lot to pay for a bear."
"Agreed. But not after you've chased him for three thousand miles." He opened a pocket knife and slit open the poor little thing. Suddenly he held up a little black container. "Or for the piece of invaluable microfilm inside the bear."
"That three people have been murdered for," added Laura. She grabbed the case out of the man's hand and headed off.
The man smiled and said "Thank you," then dashed off after her, still holding the gutted bear. They left a trail of fluff all over Manhatten.

I honestly didn't know a thing about the

microfilm. And he was such a cute bear, too. I guess you can never tell... I picked up my packages again, but I never made it to Tiffany's In fact I never saw it coming.

I heard it.

"Kurt!Look out!"

CRASH!! Down goes Susan, boxes, and a fuzzy blue and black thing...

Who turned out to be a person, of sorts. There were four of them all together; the fuzzy person, a girl maybe about fourteen or so, a big football player type, and this short guy with sideburns who looked like a born scrapper.

"Hey, listen, we're sorry." The girl and the big guy helped me to my feet.

"It's okay." I tried to smile, but couldn't because my knee explained that it would no longer hold my leg up. Boy, did that hurt!

The girl saw me wince. "Kurt! You've hurt her!"

The blue fuzzy person, Kurt, poked a head out of my piled packages. "I'm terribly sorry, Fraulein."

"I'm okay. I was going to go to the Rockerfeller Center for dinner...that's only a block or two."

The football player looked down at me. "That is on our way, isn't it, Kitty? You could lean on me."

Kitty was frowning. I took the hint."No, I don't think so."

The smaller guy spoke. "We'll take your packages that far. Elf, you caused the problem...."

I reached for one of the bags, but the smaller guy stopped me, adding, "No, let him do it. He's gotten a little too careless."

"It's Christmas." I shrugged. "Everybody's a little high."

For the first time, he smiled. "The Elf's higher than most."

They dropped me off at Rockerfeller Center while they went to the downtown offices. I told them not to come back for me because I had to catch my plane, but they said they'd try anyway. The scrapper even got me a great table, right by the big front window overlooking the ice rink. The table said reserved, but he persuaded the waiter it was reserved for me.

It was getting dark when they left. The offices might close, so they couldn't stay for the tree lighting. I prepared to order, but thought I'd wait until after the tree was lit.

"Excuse me, but I believe this is my table?"

I looked up. He was a tall man with curly brown hair and a bass voice. He wore a long s scarf, one end attached to a metal box thing, and the other end held by a slender girl with dark eyes.

The girl spoke up. "Shall I remove her, Doctor?"

I didn't like the sound of that. "I'm sorry, I didn't know." I grabbed a package and stood up. My leg gave way and I started to fall.

The Doctor (another one?) caught me, putting me back into the chair. "You'll do no such thing. Leela, sit. K-9, heel."

"Yes, Master." said the little metal dog. It was a dog, I could see that now.

As for the girl... You'd like her. She sat crosslegged on the chair, but looked like she was ready to jump up at any given moment. Havoc and dismay...

I looked down at the scarf around the neck of the dog. "There's a leash law..OW!"

The Doctor let go of my knee. I glared at him, but he only smiled. "You'll be fine now. You'd shifted the bone out of joint."

I stood up cautiously. "It doesn't hurt anymore. Thanks." I started gathering my packages.

He sat down and touched my arm. "Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

Leela pointed to the tree. "Look, Doctor! Is that some sort of signalling device?"

"The very best kind," said the Doctor, winking at me,"It's a celebration, Leela."

"And is that a celebration, too? Or a tribal ritual?"

She meant the ice skaters. "It's a sport," I explained,"But right now they're just having fun."

Dinner was great, especially when Leela pulled a knife to cut her steak. The cheesecake floored her though- it kept slipping through her fingers.

I was sorry to leave them, but I really had to get back to the subway so I could get to the airport on time.

And there-in hangs a tale....

A black trans-am pulled up to the curb and the window went down. "Could you tell me how to get to Long Island?"

I leaned on the car window, juggling packages. "Sure. You take the bridge...."

"Which bridge?" said a voice from inside the car.

I looked inside, wanting to be polite. "The bridge...." There was no one else inside the car!

The driver smiled and coughed slightly. "I'm Michael Knight. This is Kitt."

"Hello," said the car.

Betsy, I swear to God....

I ended up letting them drive me as far as Brooklyn so that Kitt could recalibrate his directional sensors. I knew they were from out of town...the car wouldn't last long parked in the city. They were rather nice guys, but I think that the car had the better personality.

I was standing on the corner, waiting to take the bus to Kennedy airport, when something that you always read about happened...I got pushed into the street. And there was a bus coming.

Somebody grabbed my arm and pulled me back to the corner. Half of my packages were squished, but I was okay. The guy who pulled me back was blond, short hair, and had very fine features. "Are you all right?"

"Fine. Thanks." I looked down at the boxes after the bus left. "What a mess!"

He helped me pick them up. "Do you know the city?"

"Pretty well."

"What are the best things to see in New York? And the best time to see them?"

I sighed, wondering how I was ever going to replace the Roger Ramjet watch. "Well,the usual; Statue of Liberty, World Trade Center, etc. You just missed one of the high spots, the Macey's Thanksgiving Day Parade."

"Really?" He pulled a notebook from his pocket and scribbled something. "I'll have to take them back to see it."

"There's a little place just around the parade route, they have great hot chocolate. It's a nice place to go afterward." I paused. "Family, friends, or tour group?"

"A little of each." He smiled. "Care to join us ?"

I shook my head. "I'm not up to being friendly native guide right now. I've got a plane to catch."

He handed me the last package and I got on another bus.

I could see one seat in the very back. On the way, I tripped over a french poodle and fell. Packages went flying again. I gave up and crawled to the back of the bus, then waited while people passed back all of my stuff. People can be really nice about Christmas.

The man sitting next to me was dressed in a light jean jacket and pants, not designer but the real stuff. He was blondish with very pale eyes. And he wore a funny necklace, I could see it over the knapsack he carried on his lap. One of my packages fell on him."

"Sorry."

"No need." He gave me back the package. I noticed that he had a deep tan.

"Where're you heading? South, I bet."

He smiled. "Why South?"

"Your tan." I bounced in my seat, trying to balance packages. "I'm going South, too. I've been away too long."

"I feel the same way."

He looked kind of sad. "Where are you going?"

"Somewhere." His eyes had a dreamy look to them. "I thought that there was something up here for me...but it was gone by the time I arrived."

"Maybe I can help you. Everyone's looking for something. Things have a way of finding you, you shouldn't look too hard." I frowned. "I've had more than my share of things finding me."

He laughed. "Perhaps..I might stop by to see you."

I gave him your address. He said his name was Ben-something. Hope you don't mind.

I was almost to the airport. I got off the bus and took the shuttle, but it broke down. I tried hitch-hiking. Have you ever tried to hitch with an armload of packages?

It doesn't work.

But then there was this phone booth by the side of the road. Well, I thought it was a phone booth...

He's called the Doctor (another one!) and he's got curly dark blond hair and light eyes.. well, you're going to meet him when we arrive.

Which is why my plane arrived and I didn't. The Doctor promised to get me to Dallas by Christmas, but we ran into some trouble near Sirius and..

He didn't really say which Christmas.

I'm taking a chance and posting this, but the Doctor says that the temporal mail service is excellent in this section of the universe.

So, you see... it's not my fault. I promise I'll be there for Christmas, maybe after we get rid of the Daleks.

By the way, I've gotten pretty good with the lightsaber.

P.S. How are you doing? Did Ben ever show up?

A Day in the Death of the Doctor

John Peel

"Now this is more like it!"

Sarah Jane Smith gave a delighted twirl, sending her flapper skirt swirling about her, and wrapping her feather boa another time about her neck. Snatching up her cloche hat, she posed with it on for the Doctor, who grinned delightedly back.

"Yes, well,I think it's most becoming, my dear." He paused to survey all of the the discarded clothes from the Tardis' wardrobe lying about Sarah's room, but thought better of mentioning the mess. "Now, if you feel ready, let's take a look around, shall we?" Offering his arm, he bowed slightly. With a delighted laugh, Sarah linked her arm through his , and together they marched through the gently ticking control room of the time/space ship and out into the streets of Chicago, Earth, 1929.

"This is lots better than gloomy old caves and yuckky alien forests," Sarah said happily. "Good old Earth- safe, predictable-"

A screech of tires made them both glance down the street, where a quaint old car (the latest model) hurled around a corner and toward them at all of thirty miles an hour. Apart from the driver, there were three other men in the car, all dark, wild and obviously very nasty. As the car zipped past them, one man stared out the window, saw the Doctor and Sarah, and did a fast double take. He yelled something aloud, but the cry was lost amidst the squeal of a second car from around the same corner, this one evidently of the police, for the car was so labeled. One man drove, whilst another leaned from a window, firing an immense gun at the first car, which howled about another corner and vanished. The police wagon vanished around the same corner, and after a moment's pause, life returned to the street.

Sarah turned to the Doctor with a frown. "Did you see that first fella?" she asked, puzzled. "I could swear he recognised you."

The Doctor rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "It did look that way," he admitted. "But I've never been to Chicago before. The last time I was in America in the twenties, I was in Hollywood. That's where I got the dress- I..ah.. borrowed it for my wardrobe from Mary Pickford. Charming girl, you know..." Wandering along, he chattered merrily away inconsiquentially about his reminiscences of the silent days of Hollywood. Sarah, sucking happily on an ice lolly, lapped it all up.

****

"I tell ya,boss, it was da guy." The speaker, the man from the fleeing car, stabbed a finger down on a"wanted" poster. "De same dude clothes, the same white coily hair - de woiks." He shifted his gum to the other side of his wide mouth. "It was de guy," he repeated, challenging disbelief.

Cantone leaned back in his chair, eyeing his underling suspiciously. "Listen, Monk, the Dude was last seen in San Diego. How come he's here now? It don't make sense... Unless he's got another contract. Al!"

Al, a thin, wiry kid of about nineteen, looked up from his desk on the other side of the room. "Yes, boss?"

"Ya hear anything about Lucetti getting a new hit man in?"

Al blinked through his wire spectacles. "I heard something like that. Ever since Pete shot Danton, he needed a new torpedo. Maybe he did scare enough to scrape together the dough to hire the Dude."

"I tell ya," Monk butted in, "it was de guy. Frilly shoit, dumb tie, and he already had a moll wid him." His admiration for the Dude's fast work was evident.

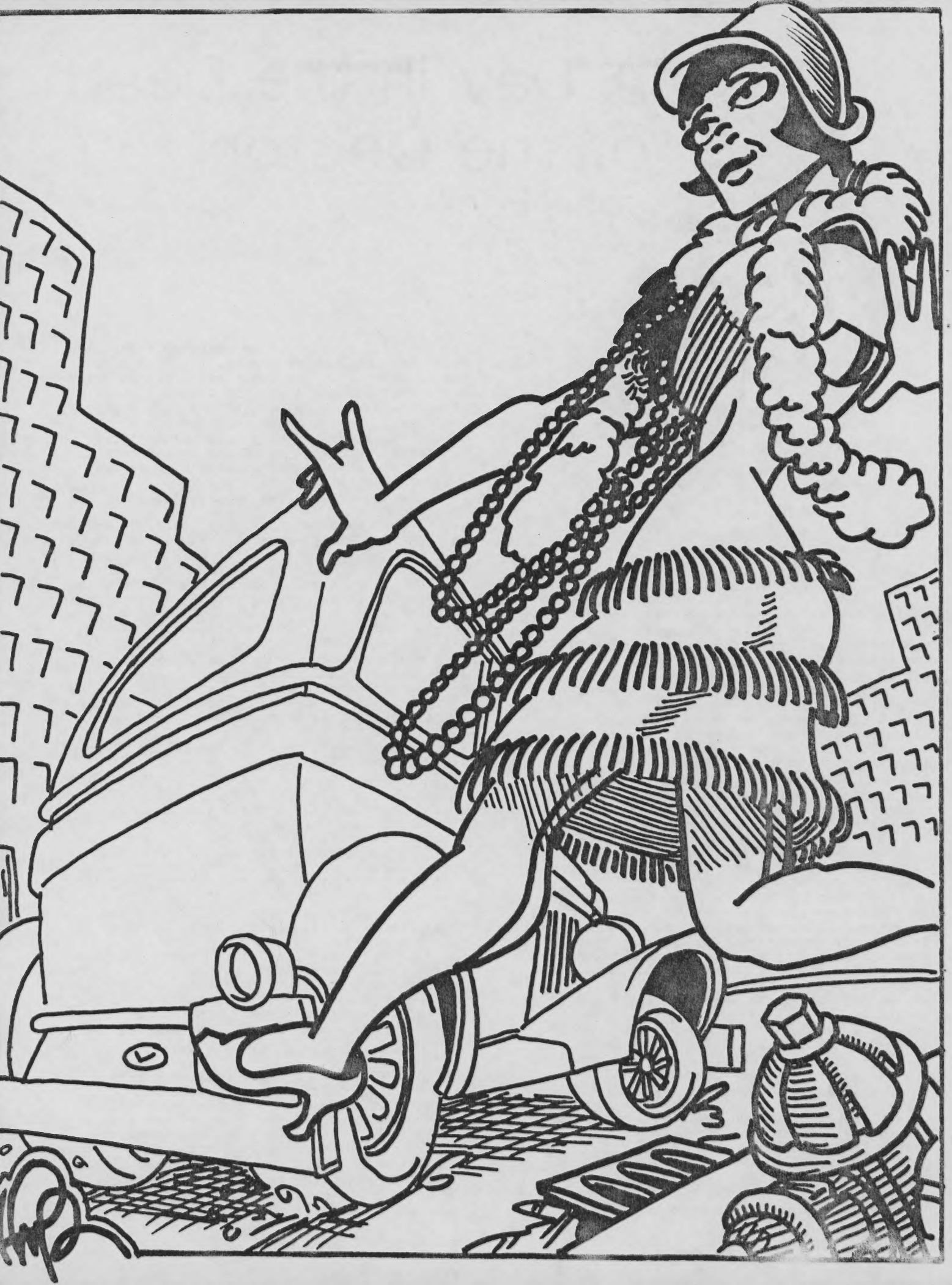
"I heard you already!" Cantone snapped. "Okay, it could be. Listen, Monk, ya think ya can take him?"

"Wid my betsy? Sure t'ing, boss. Ya want I should drill him now?"

Cantone made a cutting motion with his arm. "Nix. I want to learn if he really is trying to get me for Lucetti. If not, maybe he's open to an offer. Bring him in, will ya? Gentle, like.."

****

The Doctor had managed to pawn a little trinket he had picked up somewhere on one of his adventures, and he promptly proceeded to treat Sarah to a slap-up feast at the best restaurant he could find. As Sarah commented, it was a lot better than the usual food from his invaluable food machine in the Tardis. After the meal, they strolled in a relaxed fashion through the brightly lit night streets, aiming vaguely back towards the tardis, both rather



reluctant to leave the now-peaceful city.

"It makes a change to simply be able to walk about without being shot at, captured, accused of something, or just plain disliked," Sarah sighed."Why does the Tardis always seem to land us in so much trouble? I mean, all of history can't be nothing but problems, and there has to be a few peaceful planets somewhere."

"I daresay you're right,Sarah." the Doctor answered thoughtfully. "I suppose that the Tardis is a little like me - always interested in a spot of adventure, and not much of a one for the quiet life. Though it is certainly restful, now and again." He took a deep breath, at peace with the world. "Just think..," he began, when a dark,and somehow familiar,car drew up beside them.

"Hey, Dude," said a voice from the dark interior. "Get in. Cantone wanna see ya."

The Doctor raised his eyebrows quizzically. "He do? Well, give him my regrets, my dear f fellow, but.." He broke off as a large gun appeared in the window. "Well, if you put it that way, I suppose I could spare an hour or so...."

****

Cantone stared at the "Dude", who smiled politely back. The mobster's gaze swung around to take in the moll - a looker if he had ever seen one. "You got taste," he admitted.

"Thank you," the doctor said civily, mindfull of the two men with machine guns who hovered eagerly by the door. "But would you mind telling me why were here, my dear fellow? I'm in rather a hurry...places to visit...people to meet...."

"You leave when I say so; I talk when I'm ready." Cantone glanced down at the "wanted" poster again; as Monk had insisted, this guy certainly filled the description of the Dude... "Okay, why are you in Chi?"

"Actually, just a pleasure trip - sightseeing you might say."

"I might not." He nodded at Monk. "D'ya frisk him?"

Monk nodded ponderously. "Yeah - boss, ya wouldna believe de junk dis guy had in his pockets." He emptied a pile of odds and ends on Cantone's desk. In the pile was the Doctor's sonic screwdriver which Cantone picked up and stared at suspiciously. "He didn't have no gat," Monk added helpfully. "No armor at all; dis guy is nuts."

"What's this?" Cantone asked the Doctor, hefting the screwdriver, but seeing no use for it.

"Just a sonic screwdriver," the Time Lord said. "A tool,is all." He stretched out a hand. "Could I have my property back?"

"Sure; load it away." Cantone looked thoughtfully up at the ceiling while the Doctor sniffed loudly, and replaced all his "junk" in their correct pockets, and finally tucked his screwdriver away in the inside pocket of his jacket. "Okay, Dude - why are you <u>really</u> here? Did Lucetti hire ya to rub me out?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"He means are you here to kill him," Sarah said helpfully. "They don't speak English to well."

"Watch your tongue," Cantone snapped. "I hate mouthy dames."

The Doctor interupted Sarah smoothly. "We're not here to hurt anyone, just to have an evening on the town. My companion and I were in fact about to leave when we received your - ah - invitation."

Sarah wrinkled her nose. "We're clean," she amplified. "He's no hit-man and I'm no moll. We're just tourists. I guess you mistook us for someone else."

Thoughtfully, Cantone clipped the end off a large, expensive cigar, lit it, and blew smoke at the ceiling. "Yeah," he finally conceeded, "that could be true." His eyes roved over the odd couple before him. "You don't look the violent type."

"Splendid," the Doctor exclaimed, rubbing his hands together. "Now we have that little misunderstanding sorted out, we'll just leave now." He smiled graciously at Monk, who scowled back. "If you'll just show us to the door, perhaps we could take a taxi back..."

"Take 'em for a ride, Monk," Cantone ordered.

"There's no need to inconvenience yourself," the Doctor protested. "I'm sure we can find a taxi-"

Sarah sighed, and hissed, "That's a euphemism, Doctor, not an offer: he means to kill us."

The Doctor turned to glare at Cantone. "What? But you said that we were obviously not the people you were looking for!"

The mobster shrugged. "Yeah, but ya seen to much now. You could put the finger on me with the cops, know what I mean. So, just to take no chances, we gotta get rid of you now. No hard feelings."

To emphasise the words, Monk stuck his gun into the Doctor's ear. "You're going to regret this," the Doctor told them both. "I'm a man of peace, but I'm allergic to being killed."

Cantone made a motion with his hands, and the three gangsters escorted the Doctor and Sarah downstairs to a waiting car. When all were

settled, one mobster drove, whilst Monk and the other heavy with a gun watched the prisoners in the back. The car took them through the streets of the city, and then out into the countryside. In a dark lane, below the twinkling stars, Monk gestured for them to get out with his gun. Silently, they did so. Monk made them walk into the center of a field, at which point he stopped.

"Dis is it," he pronounced happily. "De end of the road. We'll be quick," he promised them, sympathetically. "Ya won't hurt too much."

"You're too kind,"Sarah snapped back, glancing worridly back at the Doctor, whose hand was in his jacket pocket, Napolean style.

"Can't we persuade you to drop all this?" he asked the mobsters reasonably. "I really don't want to hurt you, you know."

The gangsters glanced at him in amazement, before laughing. "De guy is nuts," Monk chuckled, leveling his gun.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," the Doctor sighed. His finger pressed down on the activating switch to his carefully adjusted sonic screwdriver. Without a pause, all three gangsters cried out in pain, and dropped their guns. Swiftly the Doctor used a short nerve hold from his knowledge of Venusian karate, and they dropped like flies. Brushing his hands off, the Doctor smiled happily at a job well done.

Sarah, puzzeled but glad, bent down to pick up Monk's cannon, but dropped it hastily- it was hot! "Ow! Oy, Doctor, what did you do?"

"Hmmm? oh, used high frequency sound waves to heat up the metal. Neat trick, isn't it? Actually, they were very lucky - I rather expected the cartridges in their guns to explode. Could have maimed or blinded them. But they wouldn't listen." He crossed to the car, and stared delightedly at the controls. "Just like old Bessie!" he exclaimed gleefully. "Now let's bundle these specimens into the boot, and we'll be off. I'll have to teach that thug a lesson, I can see..."

****

As his office door opened, Cantone glanced up, expecting to see Monk back. His jaw fell as the Dude and his moll entered, cheerfully grinning from ear to ear. "Wha..wha.." he began weakly.

The Doctor helped himself to a cigar, sniffed it, then dropped it into the nearest trashcan. "Afraid things went a little arwy, old fellow," he admitted. "We were taken for a ride, but your men - ah - arrived at the destination." He lowered his voice. "Confidentially, you were correct in your first surmise about me."

"What?" repeated Cantone blankly.

Sarah hitched her skirt up, and dropped into a chair. "He means he is this Dude guy, and he did away with your boys. Now he wants to talk turkey."

Cantone absorbed this slowly. "Okay, whaddya want?" he asked suspiciously.

"As I understand the situation," the Doctor explained,"you and a fellow called Lucetti are far from friendly. You think that he hired me to exterminate you, whilst I was really here just for a rest. Now, suppose we

reverse the situation: how much would you pay me to - er - rub out this Lucetti?"

Cantone leaned forward eagerly. "Now ya talking!"

"I believe so!" the Doctor agreed amicably. "Now, how much is it worth?"

"If ya can take care of Lucetti like you took care of Monk and his boys, you're woith at least ten grand. And then there may be more work for you."

"Okay, let me see if I've got this straight: if I kill Lucetti, you'll give me ten thousand dollars, and more work, right?"

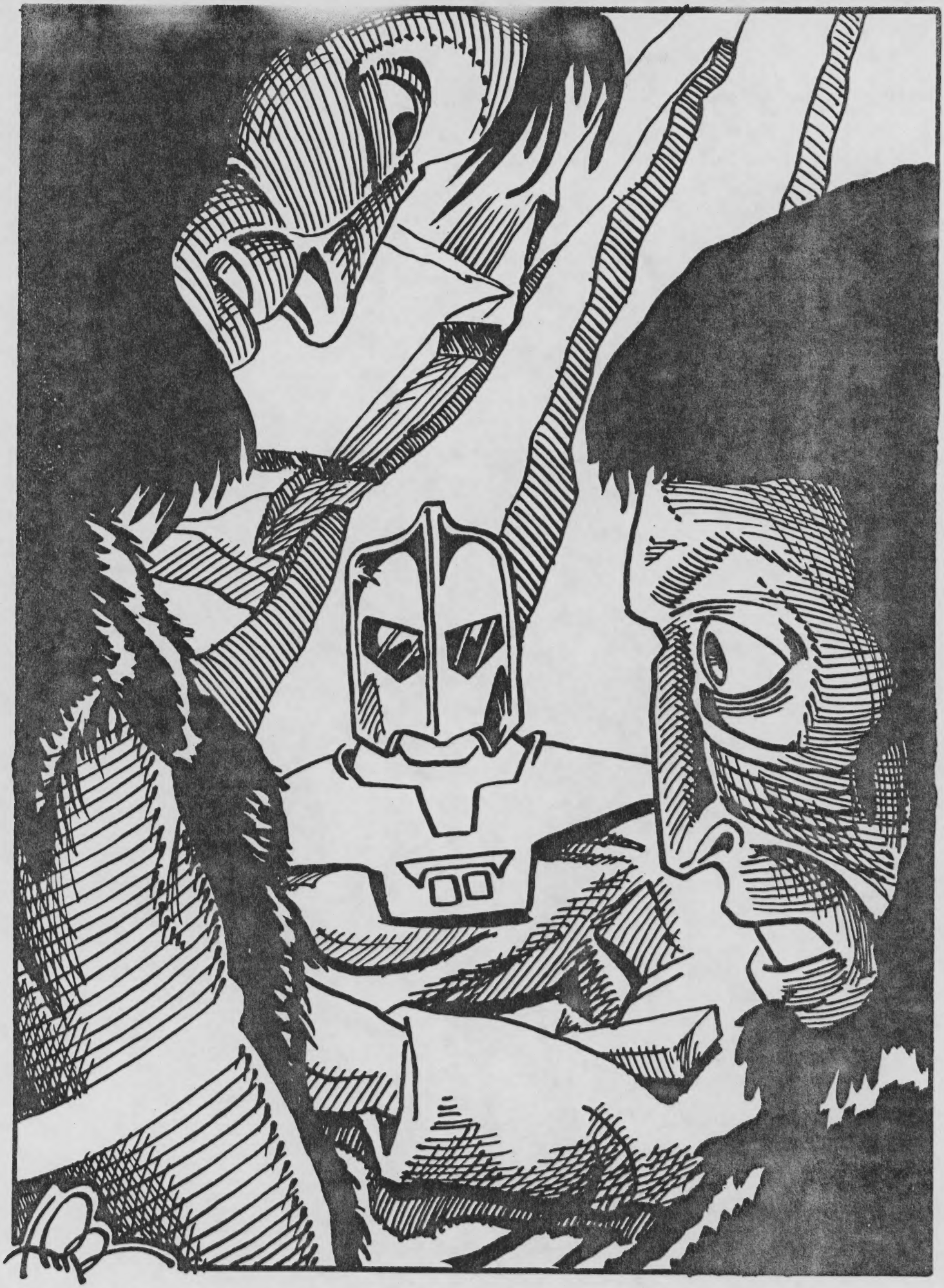
"Right!" Cantone rubbed his hands in glee. "With you on my team, we'll soon clean up this boig!"

"Oh, how right you are!" said a fresh voice from the doorway. There stood a tall, muscular man who was evidently a policeman, and from behind him, three more armed men entered. Al still seated at his desk, turned pale and held up his hands. Cantone went blank, so the Doctor explained.

"I'm afraid I'm not really the gentelman you wanted. I take a grave dislike to being disposed of, so the lieutenant and I cooked up this little scheme to get you to confess your true aims in front of witnesses. Now you can rejoin your men behind bars."

"Just one thing first," begged Sarah, leaping to her feet. She faced up to the mobster and in her best James Cagny voice said: "You dirty rat!" Then she grinned cheekily at the Doctor. "I've always wanted to do that," she confessed.

"You're enjoying this far too much," the Time Lord complained. "Let's go back to the Tardis and look for somewhere more peaceful!"



City Beneath the Sea Part II

Jennifer Clark

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE 8

Cyros nodded. "That is what Tedore and I would like to do. First, make the artisans equal to the warriors and, second, bring our peoples to an understanding."

"I'll help," Tegan said eagerly. "And I'm certain the Doctor will, too."

Anna rubbed her hands together. "Good. This is going better than if it had been planned. Let's get going, shall we? We've got to reunite Tegan and her friends. Might even save your planet, too!"

****

The warrior chief paced the dark corridor, pulling his furs closer. "You said that they'd be here."

"They said that they'd be here," answered Heren fiercely. "Having second thoughts?"

"Not if they can rid me of Kerek's followers and help subjugate that sea-dwelling scum...."

Heren grabbed the man's arm, stopping him. "Good. Because it's too late to pull out now."

"Much too late," came a hissed voice. The Ice Warrior Commander stepped out from the darker part of the corridor.

"You're late!" accused Bryan. He stood straight and faced the creature, although the warrior and his two guards all towered over him.

"You asked for our help," said the Ice Warrior. "You offered us aid as well."

Heren cleared his throat. "Yes, Grax, we did ask for your help. And we appreciate the weapon. We've had a bigger kill than ever before. But..."

"But?" echoed Grax. The creatures beside him shifted their massive bulks.

"There is a stranger here," said Heren quickly. "We found him and another wandering the ice shelf."

"We...know of them," said the Ice Warrior.

Bryan growled, "He could be dangerous."

"We will remove him," promised Grax. "Send him to the lower caves."

"Why not have Kerek take them down," suggested Heren. "Then we'll be rid of both."

"And the secret of the undercity," said Bryan quietly. "Shut up, you fool."

"But with the weapon, could we not break our way into the lower caves...."

Grax made a clicking noise. "We will remove any in the lower caves. Now go. We will speak with later of the conquest of the sea-dwellers."

"But...."

"Go!" hissed the Ice Warrior.

Bryan and Heren backed away, down a shadowed section of the tunnel.

Grax turned to his lieutenant. "It was the female, then?"

"Yes," hissed the lieutenant. He was of a lower order, his speech and appearance less refined. "The other's have seen the female and the human's offspring heading to the lower caves."

Grax paused, then hissed, "Kill the female. Take the offspring hostage. Bryan is not worthy of trust."

The lieutenant nodded. "And the other plans?"

"We shall enslave the humans and conquer the sea-dwellers. Only then may we seal the core and ensure that this planet will be eternally covered with ice. A new home for our people...a new base for our conquests!"

"And the Doctor?" asked the lieutenant.

"He is on his way to the artisan caves." Grax turned away from the warrior. "Kill him."

****

The Doctor smiled at the people they passed, busy at looms, vats, or fine handwork. He glanced at Kerek. "I don't believe that Bryan is telling us the whole truth about that weapon," he said softly.

"I fear that you are right," said Kerek, not bothering to lower his voice. "But I also fear that my people shall revolt, they are angry. Too long have they received the least. When there is hunger, the artisans die and not the warriors." He sighed, patting the head of a child who ran past. "And they shall be cut down by this new weapon."

The Doctor glanced back at Avilla. "Do you think you should be saying this?"

Avilla smiled and stepped forward. "I side with the artisans," she explained. "Always it is the children that die. Without children, we shall all die soon."

The Doctor nodded. "That does explain a lot."

Kerek caught the Doctor's arm, leading him around a loom. "Avilla is a warrior, but she is also my daughter."

"That explains even more," said the Doctor

politely. "If you've been treated so badly, why haven't you risen up against the warriors before this?"

"Because they were fair. Before Bryan, they treated us as equals. They provided meat and furs, we cook and cure the meat, heal their wounds, provide them with furs to wear...."

Avilla threw her head back angrily. "Bryan believes that the strong should survive at the cost of the weak." They came to the edge of one of the caves and she handed the Doctor a stone mug of liquid, which he accepted. "Bryan does not recognize the importance of the artisans, or the sea-trade. He is jealous of the sea-dwellers. They have heat, while we do not."

The Doctor put his cup down on a table. "Sounds like a petty tyrant to me." He paused, stroking his chin with his hand. "What about these sea-dwellers?"

Kere nodded. "They live in the lower caves, below the ice. I know a path to them, Bryan does not. Thus,he tolerates me, let's me live." Kerek sighed. "But I fear that he will think to have watched and so learn the passage. He will use it for conquest."

"Then we'll have to stop him. Won't we?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"We had hoped that Bryan would be killed during the hunt," admitted Avilla. She avoided the Doctor's look. "His son is a friend of the sea-dwellers and the artisans, but he is also thought well of by the warriors."

"Wishing Bryan dead won't help matters," said the Doctor critically. "Just as well that I left Nyssa with Tedore. They'll keep one another company." He paused and looked to one side. "The sea-dwellers? Cultivate underwater farms and such?"

"Yes," said Kerek.

"They might be able to recover the Tardis." He smiled at their confusion. "My sled."

Kerek nodded. "Indeed. They probably have already recovered it."

"You must take me down there, Kerek," said the Doctor. "One of my friends was in the Tardis. I want to be certain that she's safe before we continue."

Kerek smiled guiltily. "I have taken you very close to the lower caves, already, Doctor. The king of the sea-people will want to speak with you. It's not far from here."

"Good, very good," said the Doctor. "Shall we be off?" He looked back at the caves. "I am glad that I left Nyssa with Tedore. Don't want her involved in all this internal politics."

****

Nyssa looked around the cave dubiously. The floor was damp and moss covered the walls. "Are you certain that this is it?"

"I'm certain that it's here...somewhere," said Tedore. "They all look the same after a while."

Nyssa patted his shoulder. "It's all right, we'll find it."

She heard something, an odd echo...like something being dragged along the floor. Suddenly, a huge scaled creature, an ice warrior, stepped into their path. "Halt!" it hissed.

Nyssa backed away. "That's one of the things I dreamt about!"

"Run!" cried Tedore. He grabbed her arm and wheeled her around, but another ice warrior barred their way.

"Kill the female," instucted the warrior. "Hold the male."

Suddenly,more noise echoed in the cavern... the sound of running. The Doctor, Kerek, and Avilla appeared.

"Ice warriors?" called the Doctor in surprise. He looked past them. "Nyssa? What?"

The ice warrior turned, one passing Nyssa and Tedore, to meet the newcomers. Avilla ran forward.

"No!" called the Doctor. He grabbed for her arm, but missed. "You'll...."

A ray of light flew from the hand of one of the creatures, striking Avilla. She fell to the ground, dead.

"The wall behind you!" called Kerek. "Tedore, the passage!"

Suddenly, the wall swung open! Tegan stepped through, followed by Anna and Cyros. "Doctor!" called Tegan joyously.

"Get back!" he called.

One of the deadly rays struck the edge of the door as Tegan jumped back into the passage. Anna moved forward, instead. Grabbing Nyssa and Tedore, she dragged them into the passage as well.

"Come on, Doctor!" called Tegan, leaning out of the passage.

"Close the door!" ordered the Doctor. "We can't make it!"

He looked up only to see the two ice warriors advancing toward them.

"You're wrong!" cried Anna. She through a large red stick over one of the warrior's shoulders. It flared brightly, forcing the warriors to back up. The Doctor and Kerek ran to the hole in the wall, which closed behind them.

The beams of the ice warriors struck the door, but did no damage.

****

Kerek led the Doctor out of the council chamber. "They do not wish war."

"But they are prepared for it," noted the Doctor. "They seem very prepared."

Nyssa ran up, followed by Cyros and Tegan.

The Doctor turned to Cyros. "It was good of you to help Tegan." He turned to Tedore, who had followed them out of the council room. "And I asked you to keep Nyssa from exploring." He smiled at Nyssa. "I'm glad you didn't though."

Tedore sighed in relief. "And I owe you, Doctor. The council wanted to imprison me and fight my people, despite the ice warriors, untill you spoke to them."

"You'll need all the help you can get to overcome the ice warriors," said the Doctor ser-

iously. He looked around. "Tegan, where's your new friend?"

"Anna?" Tegan looked around as well. "She's gone...."

"You'd best go look for her," said the Doctor. He stared down at her. "I would like to speak with her, as soon as possible."

"Not to worry, " said Cyros. "I'll go with you, Tegan." She stopped behind Tedore and whispered, "I'll be back soon."

Tedore nodded.

Kerek interrupted. "Doctor, you said that you were interested in seeing the core...the cave from which the warmth of the lower caves comes?"

The Doctor nodded. "Yes. It's very possible that there was a blockage in an intermediate area. If we can fix it, the ice may melt. In fact, the way this planet is constucted, relieving the blockage may relieve this ice age you've entered."

"But you have to rescue my people first!" exclaimed Tedore. "They will be killed by the ice warriors!"

"I'll help your people, " explained the Doctor. "As soon as I think of something. But there is no reason that I shouldn't address the problem at hand."

Tedore stood to one side, scowling. Nyssa put her arm around him. "The Doctor will help if he can."

Tedore nodded glumly. "They may all be dead by then."

They followed the Doctor and Kerek down the hall.

****

Anna slipped through the doors and peered around the control room. "It's still dark," she called.

"Of course." The figure moved in the shadows.

Anna jumped back. She leaned against the wall, frowning. "You scared me. I didn't know that you were still here."

He laughed. "And where might I go, with <u>him</u> wandering about!"

"You needn't be sarcastic." She stalked across the room. "Can we leave now?" She could barely make him out in the darkness.

"It's too soon."

"But they're all reunited," protested Anna.

"There's more to come," he cautioned. "You must prevent the Doctor from tapping the core."

"How do you know he plans to...sorry, I'd forgotten. Of course you know, you know everything." She paused, easing down her backpack. "But why not let him tap the core?"

The figure snorted in derision. "If the Doctor taps the core without removing the blockage, he'll destroy the entire planet...and us along with it."

"I suppose we want to prevent that?" Anna spun on her heel.

"You're not getting into the spirit of the thig!" said the figure, angily.

"I'm not <u>what</u>? I'd appreciate more help from you. I didn't know about those ice warriors."

"You didn't ask." The figure waved a hand at her. "Go."

"But...."

"Go!"

Anna snarled and stomped out, slinging her backpack over one shoulder. "Sometimes you're so unreasonable...."

The man watched her go. "Don't fail me," he said firmly. "Don't you dare fail me...."

****

Tedore stopped at a corridor, breathing heavily. Nyssa caught up with him. He turned on her. "They may be dying!" he complained bitterly. "Look at poor Avilla."

"The Doctor feels that he should free the core first," said Nyssa, gently.

"Think? Yes, he thinks, but he doesn't feel!" growled Tedore. He stsrted walking down the hall, but Nyssa followed him again. He turned to her. "Leave me alone."

Nyssa put her hand out to him. "I want to stay."

"Leave, go back to your Doctor!" Tedore turned away. He was silent for a few moments, then added, "I'm sorry, Nyssa. I'm upset right now." He turned back to her, smiling. "Listen, I think the best thing I could do right now is look for Cyros."

"I'll help."

"No!" said Tedore quickly, alarmed. Then, he smiled. "No, I'll find her. Besides, the Doctor might need you."

Nyssa turned and headed back to the core room. She glanced back at Tedore, who waved. After she turned away, he clenched his fist and struck at the wall. There must be some way to get the Doctor to help his people, He thought. Perhaps, he should take another look at the core...."

****

Grax rose from the stone throne. The sounds of resistance were quieter, dying away. He was pleased that all had gone so well.

His lieutenant entered the throne room. "The humans Bryan and Heren are dead," he announced. "They tried to betray us and lead the warriors against us, but they failed. The surviving warriors have been captured and secured with the artisans."

"Excellent!" hissed warleader Grax. "And the Doctor?"

"Escaped with the boy and the leader of the artisans," hissed the lieutenant angrily. "They used the tunnel to the undercity. But we now know the location of the passage. We need only a means to open it."

"There is no need," said Grax. "There are sufficient charges left from the ship's crash to bomb the city from above the ice. Send warriors out to take care of it immediately."

"At once, warleader."

Grax was growing irritable. It was far too warm, he preferred the outside climate to the artificially heated caves.

He sat down on the throne. The artisans were fairly docile, they would make excellent slaves. But the sea-dwellers were useless to him. If the sealing off of the core was not important, he would bomb the city into oblivion. As it was, he hoped few, if any, sea-dwellers would survive to surrender. It would mean that many more ice warriors to assign to execution duty.

****

Anna stopped at the door of the core room. Tegan and Cyros seemed to have just arrived. "Where were you?" questioned Tegan angrily.

"I got lost," said Anna defensively. "Do you know how many caves there are?" She looked around. "Where's...the Doctor?"

"Here." The Doctor stepped through the doorway, wiping his hands on a rag. He tossed the rag to Tegan. "You must be Anna Carlyle. Splendid. Thank you so much for helping Tegan."

He looked at her curiously. "By the way, where are you from?"

Anna paused in alarm. My, he was quick! And no matter what lie she could come up with, he was certain to best it. "That's not important!" she sputtered. "You must not tap the core."

The Doctor paused, running his hand through his hair. "How did you know that I was going to tap the core to heat the upper caves? I just mentioned it to Kerek this minute."

"Um...someone must have told me," said Anna.

"But the Doctor's just told us now," said Nyssa. She peeked around the Doctor.

Anna was about to reply, but the caverns shook with a deafening roar. Tiles began to fall from the ceiling and they could hear the screams of panic from the sea-dwellers. Soon, everything was enshrouded in a fine pink mist from the powdered coral.

Kerek ran out from the core room, grabbing Nyssa to keep her from falling. "What's happening?"

"Under the ice," said Cyros quickly. "But.."

"The ice warriors are bombing the city," explained the Doctor. "Nyssa, Tegan, take the Princess to the Tardis and wait. Kerek, if the walls cracked, which caves would be above the natural water level?"

Kerek paused. "The ones to the left of the main split, I Believe."

"Good. Let's get to the Tardis. Hopefully we can make a short hop and land in one of those caverns. She's gotten rather better at them of late."

A tile fell near Tegan. The Doctor grabbed her arm, still holding Cyros with the other, and ran with them.

"But the sea-dwellers?" asked Tegan.

"They're water breathers. The safest place for them is the sea," said the Doctor.

"Where's Anna?" asked Myssa.

The Doctor stopped, releasing the girls. Anna had disappeared in the confusion. There was something that bothered him about that girl.. now she was in danger. His fault, he probably shouldn't have pressed her for an answer.... "Go on ahead," he called. "I'll find her."

The others also stopped. Nyssa and Tegan ran back to him. "You'd better come with us," said Tegan, eyeing the ceiling fearfully. "We can't move the Tardis without you. What happens if the caven floods and you can't get back to us?"

"Both Anna and Tedore know the safe places," assured Cyros. "It is the first thing we tell the air breather."

The Doctor took a step forward, then stopped.

"Come on, Doctor," urged Tegan, pulling at his arm. "She'll be fine."

The Doctor shook his head. "I sincerely hope so." He looked up at them, tiles falling to the left and right. "What are you doing? Move! The walls may go at any second!"

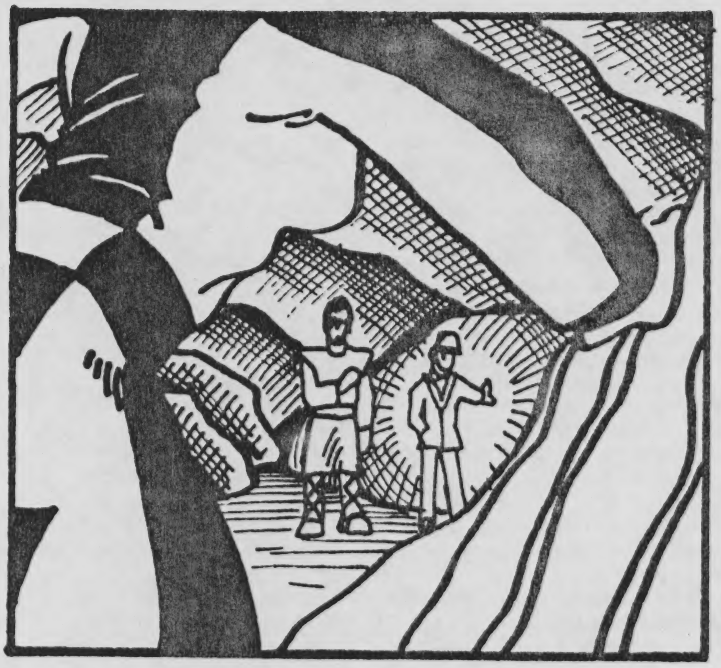
They ran to the Tardis, explosions booming overhead.

****

The dull thunder had ceased. Grax rose from the throne as his lieutenant entered.

"The city was not penetrated," said the lieutenant. "The sea-dwellers breathe water, as well as air. Most escaped the endangered areas of the undercity."

Grax slammed his scaled claw down on the stone air of the chair. "Cease the bombings," he hissed. "We will wait until they feel secure, then bomb them again. More of the population may be eliminated." The warleader



paused. "The Doctor and the others from the surface breathe the air...." He straightened. "Remove the guards from the lower cave entrance."

"Commander?" The lieutenant was confused.

"Withdraw the guards, but to hidden positions. The air breathers will return to the upper caves if they fear the flooding of the undercity. We shall eliminate them then."

The lieutenant nodded. "It shall be done immediately, Commander," he hissed.

****

"Perhaps she's in here," offered Nyssa, opening the core room door. Most of the area damaged by the explosions had already been cleared.

The equipment that the Doctor had put in the core room was strewn across the floor.

"What a mess!" cried Tegan. "The Doc's not going to like this."

Nyssa stepped into the mess and picked up a scope. "The explosions?" she mused.

"Looks deliberate." Tegan looked at her. "Sabotage?"

"But who?" Nyssa paused in her exploring.

Tegan shook her head. "Not Anna."

Nyssa walked over to her. "But who else could have done this Tegan?"

"I'll go get the Doctor," offered Tegan quickly. She ran from the room.

Nyssa was about to follow when she heard something fall to the floor. She closed the door partially and waited in the half light.

"Nyssa?"

She stepped forward, surprised. "Tedore?"

"Did you do this?" she accused.

"Yes," he admitted quietly. He looked up suddenly, his temper flaring. "But the Doctor wasn't doing anything to help my people!" he cried. "I had to do it. They might be dying and ....I didn't know what else to do."

"The Doctor was going to tap the heat of the core and feed it into the upper caves," said Nyssa, sadly. "The heat will drive out the ice warriors. Or would have."

"I...didn't know,: said Tedore. "I've ruined it, then." He sat down on a broken machine. "Some Prince I am," he said dejectedly. "How can I ever hope to lead anyone? If there are any of the warriors left alive.... And what will Cyros think of me?"

Nyssa patted him on the shoulder. "It's all right. The Doctor says the good thing about a mistake is that you learn from it."

"I'll be a great leader then, if I live that long," said Tedore. "I'm making all my mistakes now."

Nyssa shook her head, looking around the room. There was no chance of salvaging anything. "The Doctor will think of something. He can't try anything until we know what the ice warriors are doing."

Tedore looked up. "That's where I can help. I know all the back ways through the caverns. The ice warriors don't know them all."

"But the passage will be guarded," protested Nyssa.

"They'll be too busy bombing the city, said Tedore. "They'll never expect anyone to go back to the upper caves."

Nyssa was dubious. "You shouldn't go alone."

"Then, come with me," said Tedore. He stood up and took her hand. "Nyssa, I'm going to be chief when I'm older. I have to start sometime. I must save my people!"

Nyssa relented. "All right. But we should tell the Doctor first."

Tedore waved his hand at the wreck of a room. "Do you think he'll let us go after this? I'll be locked up for sure!"

"You may be right," she admitted.

"Of course I am." Tedore helped her over some of the wreckage, then opened the door. "Let's go."

****

The Doctor gravely closed the door to the core area.

"Can it be repaired?" asked Kerek.

The Doctor shook his head angrily. "No. It's beyond that. It was a magnificent job of sabotage."

Cyros blinked. "But where's Tegan and Nyssa?" She looked around worriedly. "And Tedore was not waiting for me in the safe place."

Anna ran up. "Where were you? I waited in the upper caves, but I couldn't find anyone."

Kerek pointed a finger at her. "She told you not to tap the core," he accused. "She is the one who destroyed your equipment!"

"No!" protested Cyros. "Anna is my friend."

The Doctor nodded. "The Princess is right."

Anna stared in disbelief. "What's wrong? What am I being accused of?"

Kerek opened the door and motioned the Doctor aside. Anna peered in curiously. "It's a mess!" she cried in amazement. "What happened?"

"You!" Kerek caught her by the collar of her dress. "You're in league with the ice warriors! You destroyed the Doctor's work to help them."

The Doctor leaned forward and caught Kerek's wrist, forcing him to release Anna.

Anna backed away. "He's mad," she said calmly. "He's quite mad. You can't believe...." She looked from Cyros to the Doctor. Cyros raised her hands half- heartedly. The Doctor looked away.

"Princess?" she asked in despair. "And you, Doctor? Even you?" Anna continued to back away. Why won't you believe me? He said...he said...."

"He?" asked the Doctor.

"He didn't tell me!" protested Anna, her eyes wild, the finest glimmer of tears in their corners. "He didn't...." She turned and ran down the corridor.

Kerek moved to go after her, but the Doctor stopped him. "No. Let her go."

"She's working for the ice warriors!" protested Kerek.

"No." The Doctor shook his head. "There's a mystery here. Anna isn't working for the ice warriors. But...."

"But?" prompted Cyros.

"There's something I'm missing," mused the Doctor. "Something...." He looked up at them. "Back to the Tardis. Nyssa and Tegan will know to meet me there. Cyros, you and Kerek find Tedore."

"Why, Doctor?" asked Kerek eagerly. "What are you planning?"

"A way to defeat the ice warriors," shouted the Doctor over his shoulder, as he ran down the corridor.

"But how?" asked Cyros. "All your equipment was ruined."

The Doctor paused and turned to face them. "Ah, but I'm on a completely different track now. Sonics!" he cried triumphantly, then ran off.

****

The lieutenant shoved Nyssa and Tedore into the throne room. Grax nodded from his seat and they moved closer.

"They came up from the undercity," said the lieutenant.

Grax gave the equivalent of an ice warrior's smile. "How many are there in the lower city?"

Tedore shrugged. "I am a prince of the warriors," he said boldly. "I was kidnapped by sea-scum. What do I care of their numbers?"

"And you?" He pointed to Nyssa.

Tedore moved in front of Nyssa. "She is a stranger here. We escaped from the sea-dwellers and found our way to the upper caves."

"Shall I eliminate them?" The lieutenant moved up threateningly. Nyssa moved closer to Tedore.

"Place them with the artisans and captured warriors," instructed Grax. "They obviously know nothing of value." He motioned and another ice warrior stepped forward, shepherding the pair from the room.

"You do not trust them," noted the lieutenant.

"They lie, as the warm-blooded often do," said Grax. He paused. "You shall place listening devices against the walls of the holding room. They will tell the others what they know. Then, we shall know."

"When should we continue the bombing of the undercity?" asked the lieutenant.

"Soon. We shall destroy the passage opening and I shall lead the attack through the undercity after the bombing. Our captives shall show us how to open the passage."

"And then you will seal the core?"

Grax smiled again. "The core will be sealed, the planet will be ours. We shall send word to other ships and our dozen shall be multiplied untill the ice warriors will once again have a base by which we can conquer the universe!"

****

Kerek peered hesitantly into the Tardis. "Doctor?"

"Come in, Kerek." The Doctor stood in front of a table covered with odd pieces of metal, wires, and tools.

"I have not seen Tedore." Kerek walked about the room, amazed.

"Nyssa and Tegan are missing as well," noted the Doctor, as he sorted through the mess. "You know Tedore well. Would he have tried to return to the upper caves?"

"He's a headstong young man," said Kerek thoughtfully. "He acts before he thinks. Yes, he might. But that would be suicide! Do you believe...."

"I'm almost certain." The Doctor stepped back from the bench, looking at Kerek. "Just as I'm almost certain that it was Tedore who sabotaged my work."

"But Anna....!" protested Kerek.

"No. Anna's reaction was odd, but not indicative of guilt. Even though she had a better reason for stopping my work." The Doctor swished his hand through the mess on the table.

"A better reason?"

The Doctor didn't look up. "She was right. The heat within the core supports the blockage. If I had started to withdraw that energy in large quantities, the support would have collapsed. It might not have blown up the planet, but it definitely would have buried us alive." The Doctor turned on his heel, smiling sheepishly at Kerek. "I can't be right all the time."

"We must do something," said Kerek, clenching his fist. "To have hoped for so long...."

"If I placed explosives at the stress points within the core...it might clear the blockage in the upper core, which would free that energy." The Doctor stared off into nothing. "That would start to warm the upper world, spread throughout the system...maybe even melt that frozen wasteland...." He blinked, throwing his hands into the air. "It's all speculation," he admitted. "And our first problem is the ice warriors."

Kerek poked through the mess on the table. "And this will defeat the ice warriors?"

"When it's assembled. These are the basic components of a sonic disruptor. Nyssa knows for more about bio-electronics. I desperately need her help right now...just to begin the assembly, of course." The Doctor looked up. "I wonder what's keeping her?"

"I am an artisan," said Kerek proudly. "Perhaps I could help?"

The Doctor glanced once more at the mess on his worktable. "Right. Well, let's get started."

****

Tegan turned, stopped, then turned again. Where had the Tardis gotten to? For that matter, where had she gotten to? Suddenly, she caught sight of Anna, going around a corner, and ran after her. "Anna?"

Anna stopped and turned around. "Tegan? What are you doing here?"

"I'm lost," she admitted. "These corridors all look the same." She waved her arm at the pink coral walls. "And the Doctor did move the Tardis."

Anna seemed concerned with something else. "How did he know?" she muttered. "This particular corridor...."

"How did he know what?" asked Tegan in confusion.

Anna smiled. "Sorry, just babbling. The Tardis is that way, just off that corridor." She turned to walk away.

"Thanks," said Tegan. "Did you see the core room?"

Anna stopped, nodding. "And Kerek accused me of wrecking it." She turned to face Tegan. "But Tedore did it! I know he did!"

"Tedore?" asked Tegan. "Does Nyssa know that? She was supposed to go back to the Tardis, but I think she went to look for Tedore."

Anna stepped closer to Tegan. "Nyssa and Tedore...were captured by the ice warriors," she announced.

"What?" Tegan stared at her. "How do you know?"

"I...just know." Anna turned to go. "You'd better tell the Doctor."

Tegan ran up to her, grabbing her arm. "Come back with me. You can explain everything to the Doctor. I'm certain he'll understand. He always seems to."

"He...doesn't believe me," said Anna sadly. She looked at Tegan with wounded eyes. "After everything...Skaro, and that murder on...." She sighed. "Sorry, babbling again." She disengaged Tegan's arm and ran off.

"Wait!" called Tegan.

"The Doctor's that way, " called Anna, pointing to her left. "Hurry! And remember about Nyssa and Tedore!"

Tegan stood in the hallway, not knowing which way to go. Should she follow Anna, or go to the Tardis? Finally, the Tardis won out. Maybe the Doctor could make some sense of this.

****

Anna was relieved. He seemed to know what he was doing. And as long as everything went the way he said it would.... She looked around the cavern, but it was empty. Nevertheless, she felt absolutely clandestine as she opened the passage into the upper caves. Almost closing it, she stopped..Better to leave it open for quick es---cape.

She slipped down the passage, stopping to listen at the far door. Nothing. She opened the door, again listening.

Whistling, she swung it open further. Still nothing. Anna was beaming as she stolled from the passage. It looked like it would be her day after all....

Then the shadow fell over her. She looked up into the face of an ice warrior.

She turned, but the ray of light caught her. After a moment of agony, she fell to the floor.

The ice warrior picked up the limp form of the female and carried it away.

****

Tegan tugged at the Tardis door and, finally, it opened. Funny, but she didn't remember it sticking like that. She thought she heard a sound, someone walking nearby. Tegan smiled. She must be getting jittery, there was no one in the corridor. She stepped into the Tardis.

A figure, dressed in black and wearing a black cloak, stepped from behind the Tardis. Staying in the shadows, he slipped along the

corridor, a black bag in his hand. He had only a short time for his mission, the most essential piece of his entire plan!

Tegan stepped into the control room. Many of the lights were out. In the gloom the control room seemed...well, almost sinister. She shivered.

Lying on the console was a weapon, more like a white rifle than anything else. She picked it up and a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. Kneeling down to pick up the paper, Tegan turned it in the half-light to read it.

The note was hand written, just legible enough to read. She smiled. The Doctor had the worst characteristics of his "name". She looked at the gun with new respect. A sonic disrupter? So this could destroy the ice warriors?

"Doctor? Are you here?" There was no answer. She finished reading the note. It told her to find Cyros.

Tegan shrugged. Tucking the gun under one arm, the note clenched tightly in her other fist, she set off in search of the Princess.

****

Anna's head hurt. Again! "Doctor, why is it...." She opened her eyes and found Nyssa and Tedore watching her anxiously.

"Oh my," she whispered guiltily. "I'd forgotten where I was." She sank back on the couch.

"The ice warriors brought you in," said Nyssa gently. "We were afraid that you were dead."

"No, but I should be." Anna closed her eyes, frowning. "I left the passage open. They have the way to the undercity now. It may be all over sooner than he thought." She fought to open her eyes, unsuccessfully.

"Who?" asked Tedore.

Remembering her sudden shame, Anna felt the blood rise to her cheeks. "The Doctor," she whispered. A tear slid out from under her eyelash, rolling down her cheek. "He thinks I sabotaged his experiment."

Tedore looked guiltily at Nyssa. "I did it," he admitted.

Anna opened her eyes. "I know. I hope Tegan believed me. I told her that you were captured as well...."

Nyssa looked over at Tedore, motioning him to move away. "This is very odd," she mused. "I wish we could do something."

"We can't," said Tedore angrily, his fists clenched at his side. "Most of the warriors are dead. And my father...."

"You can't trust the ice warriors," cautioned Nyssa.

"But why would they lie?" His plea became filled with venom. "My father helped the ice warriors! He wanted their help to conquer the undercity." He hung his head. "I am the son of a traitor...."

"You are a leader," said Nyssa. She pointed over to the artisans, huddled in small groups. "Did you see how they reacted when you came in? They know that you will save them."

Tedore laughed bitterly, sitting down on a couch. "Some leader! I'm as helpless as they are."

"But you don't have to show it." He looked up at her and she smiled. "Give them hope. The Doctor will rescue us."

Tedore nodded. "Yes, perhaps there is hope. Very little, but there is hope."

Nyssa smiled at him, then turned away, afraid that her eyes might show the fear that gnawed at her insides.

****

Tegan pulled up short, barely avoiding Cyros.

The Princess caught her arm so that she wouldn't fall, then caught site of the rifle. "What's that?"

"A weapon that will destroy the ice warriors," said Tegan proudly. "The Doctor built it."

Cyros looked at the rifle in awe. "That was fast. It was all in pieces a few minutes ago. We'd better get back to the Tardis with it."

"But the Doctor isn't there!" protested Tegan, as the Princess started off. "And that's the wrong way!"

Cyros huffed indignantly. "I was born here Tegan. This is my city. I know the way to the Tardis."

Tegan shrugged and followed her. "All right. But I still think you're wrong."

****

The Doctor didn't look up as they entered. "Tegan, there you are. Where's Nyssa? I can't finish this sonic disrupter without her help."

"But I have the sonic disrupter," protested Tegan. "And Nyssa and Tedore were captured by the ice warriors." She looked around. "I'm glad that you turned the lights back on, it looked spooky in here...."

"What?" cried Cyros. "Tedore captured?"

The Doctor looked up and reached for the gun. "Let me see that, Tegan." He turned it over, examining it carefully. "It's a sonic disrupter, all right. But how...?" He stared at her. "Where did you find this?"

Tegan was flustered. "In the Tardis! But it was dark...and you left me the note...."

"Gently, Tegan," said the Doctor. He took the note from her and scanned it. "My handwriting," he announced. His fist clenched and the crumpled paper fell to the floor. "But I didn't write it." He turned the gun over in his hands. "Exactly the way I would Have constructed it. A bit basic, perhaps...." He looked over at Kerek, his eyes widening. "Someone's helping us," he announced.

"But who?" asked Kerek.

"Anna's mysterious 'he', " noted the Doctor.

Tegan stepped closer. "Skaro?" she offered.

"What was that?" The Doctor grabbed her arm.

"Anna said something...when I saw her," said Tegan nervously. She tried to pull away, but the Doctor held onto her. "I think it was Skaro... Doctor, you're hurting me!"

"Sorry," he said contritely. He released her. The Doctor turned and smacked his fist against his hand."I'm missing something," he said angrily. "But there's not time to puzzle this out."

Suddenly they heard booming sounds from outside.

Kerek moved to the door. "They're bombing us again!"he cried.

"They'll try to invade afterward," guessed the Doctor. "We'll have to rescue Nyssa and Kerek's people now."He moved to the console. "Close the doors, Tegan."

"Your really going to move the Tardis to the upper caverns," noted Tegan in amazement.

"Why not?" asked the Doctor.

"But you can't always control the Tardis!" she blurted out.

"Perhaps our guardian angel will watch out for us," said the Doctor wryly.

Tegan closed the door. The column began to rise, then fall. Suddenly, it stopped.

"We're here," said the Doctor cheerfully.

"Where?" asked Tegan suspiciously.

The Doctor looked at her, then released the door control. "After you," he gave a wave of his arm.

Tegan nearly collided with Nyssa at the door. "Great!" moaned Tegan. "Now we've been captured too!"

"That all depends on your point of view," said the Doctor sharply. He passed Tegan with an injured air and spoke to Nyssa. "You're all right?"

"I'm fine," she said quickly. "Thanks to Tedore. But Anna...."

The Doctor ran past the reunion of the Prince and Princess, as well as Kerek and his people.

Tegan dogged his trail anxiosly. "What happened?"

The ice warriors shot her," said Nyssa.

The Doctor straightened, tossing the sonic disrupter to Tegan. "Here. Watch the door." Tegan paused, looking down at Anna. "She'll be all right," he said gently. "Please, watch the door?"

"Right." Tegan ran off to the doorway.

The Doctor turned and was surprised to see Anna's eyes opened.

"Doctor? What happened?" she asked groggily. She tried to sit up and he helped her.

"Ah, now that's were you can help me," he said quietly. "You took quiet a chance, running around like that. It was lucky that the ice warriors were taking prisoners, or that stun setting might have been something more deadly."

Tegan waved from the doorway. "Doctor! Something's coming!"

"Everyone down!" called the Doctor, pulling Anna down behind the couch. "Tegan, shoot anything that comes through that door. It will only affect the ice warriors. And keep your head down!"

Tegan ducked down behind a bench, resting the rifle on the top. The doors swung inward and she froze, never having seen an ice warrior so clearly before.

"The trigger!" shouted the Doctor. "Tegan, pull the trigger!"

Just as the ice warriors raised their stun guns, they were bathed in the ray from the sonic disrupter. They moved slowly, hissing all the while, as if they were wading through water. A whining sound accompanied the beam. Finally, they fell.

Tegan stood, looking down at the ice warriors. The Doctor ran over to her and she handed him the gun. "Here, you take it. It's a bit too noisy for me."

Nyssa was standing there, her hand out. "May I have a look?"

The Doctor handed Nyssa the gun. She examined it carefully. "I didn't know we had one of these aboard the Tardis."

"We didn't," said the Doctor flatly.

"But how...?" Nyssa looked at him in amazement.

"The Doctor put it together," said Tegan proudly.

The Doctor shook his head. "Tegan found it, with a note in my handwriting...which I certainly did not write. Nyssa, could I have constructed this without your help?"

Nyssa considered, then shook her head, her curls bouncing. "Impossible."

The Doctor looked hurt. "Implausible, yes... but surely not impossible, given time."

Nyssa looked dubious. "A lot of time...perhaps."

The Doctor nodded. "But that time wasn't available," he said breathlessly. "Which is why I think that Anna...Where is she?" He looked around in dismay.

"There!" said Tedore pointing to the door.

"I was just checking," said Anna defensively. "There might be more guards around."

"There were four more earlier," promised Tedore.

"No," said the Doctor. He began to pace. "They'll be preparing to invade the undercity now. But they'll have to go through the ice. They don't know the passage!"

"They don't have to," said Anna miserably, leaning against the door. "I left the passage open. That's were they caught me."

Nyssa turned to the Doctor, alarmed. "They'll massacre the sea-dwellers!"

"Not if we defeat them first," said the Doctor suddenly. He stopped and leaned his head against the Tardis. "They're old military, think twice before pressing the advantage and reccon-oiter when you're trapped."

Cyros blinked. "You mean hunt the ice warriors?"

"I'll do it!" cried Tedore. "It's about time I did something right."

"Good boy!" The Doctor took the gun from Nyssa and handed it to Tedore. "Tegan, you and the Princess go with him. Just stay low."

"Right!" called Tegan, as she and Cyros ran after Tedore.

The Doctor turned to Kerek. "He'll be a fine leader. A tifle rash, perhaps."

"That will be tempered with time," said Kerek proudly.

"As are all things," noted the Doctor, also smiling. He shook Kerek's hand. "I may not see you below. We still have to head off the ice warriors. And your people could best use you here."

Kerek nodded. "You are correct, Doctor. Even the tempered may become carried away by the rashness of youth. If I do not see you again, thank you."

The Doctor smiled. Kerek turned back to the captured artisans. The Doctor looked around. "Nyssa and...Anna, you're here, for a change? Let's go, girls, into the Tardis! We have to stop the invasion."

****

Grax stumbled through the hallway. How could he have been tricked? A blue box had blocked the passage to the city, so the ice warriors had been forced back through the corridors of the undercity. But that human cub had followed them with a weapon...such a weapon! Of all the ice warriors on the scout ship, only Grax survived.

There was darkness ahead. Wheezing, he sought the relief of the cool darkness. Inside he nearly gagged. The heat was intense!

Grax crawled to the door, but stopped when he realised where he was. The core area. He had planned to seal the core area, condemning the upper world to an icy death. But now....

Now he was alone. They had destroyed him. But, could he not destroy them, as well? He would explode the core and condemn the warm world to an icy grave.

****

Nyssa and Anna peeked around the corner. "We've got him trapped!" said Anna triumphantly.

"Are you certain he's there?" asked Nyssa.

The Doctor stepped out into the hallway. "Yes. The rest of the corridor is blocked." The Doctor rubbed his hand along his chin. "And I don't believe Grax means us well. Anna, you were right about what I was trying to do. But I think I know a way around the problem. Some carefully placed explosives around the blockage and the core would have a clear path to the upper world. The heat would melt that ice."

"It might work," admitted Nyssa. She pointed down the hall. "But Grax is in the core room."

"That worries me even more," said the Doctor. "There are enough bits and pieces in there to set up an explosive device, just enough to bring the core down on top of us." The Doctor met Nyssa's hopeful gaze. "Grax is no fool. Worse, he's an ice warrior. They're worse than the Spartans."

"Spartans?" asked Nyssa.

Anna frowned. "Warriors on ancient earth. Come home with your shield or on it. Death before dishonnor."

"Especially if it was possible to take your enemies with you," noted the Doctor.

Nyssa frowned. "It's very primitive."

"But...effective." The Doctor leaned against the wall. "If I had thought to place the charges before, we'd have to do no more now than flip a switch." He put his hand on the wall, suddenly discovering a switch there. "Nyssa? Care to have a look at this?"

Nyssa stood on tiptoe. "Not very neat, but well constructed, as your work usually is. When did you put it here?"

"I didn't." The Doctor looked at Nyssa, then they both looked at Anna.

Anna shrugged. "Don't look at me. The only thing I know about electricity is not to stick the fork in the toaster." She grimaced and clenched her fist. "And that was by accident."

The Doctor smiled at her expression, then became serious again. "You didn't set the explosives, but you know who did. The same person who built the sonic disruptor, our mysterious benefactor...."

Anna nodded. "We haven't much time," she said quietly. "You'll have to trust me."

"We do," said the Doctor. He motioned them back to the corner of the corridor, then threw the switch.

Heat burst like a wave from the core room, a hot wind that rushed past them, accompanied by the sounds of the explosion. The Doctor made his way to the end of the corridor and picked up Nyssa from the floor. "It worked!" he said, in surprise. "Nyssa? Anna?"

Nyssa struggled to her feet. The heat dispersed quickly, but the temperature was definitely higher than before. "I'm all right." She looked down the corridor. "So, it <u>did</u> work."

The Doctor smiled, putting his hands in his pockets. "Anna was right. <u>And</u> worthy of our trust."

Nyssa looked around quickly. "But where is she?"

"Gone." The Doctor shook his head. "She has this odd habit of disappearing. And I'm afraid that it's time for us to go as well."

****

Tedore frowned down at her. "But why can't you stay? You're my best friend!"

"I'll still be your best friend," said Nyssa kindly. "And so will the Doctor and Tegan. But I think that there may be someone here who

might not want to share you...."

Tedore half turned to watch the princess and Tegan saying goodbye. "Yes. There's nothing to keep us apart, now."

"You're the ruler of the upper world now," reminded Nyssa. "When the ice melts...you don't need our help any more."

"But there's so much to do!" complained Tedore.

"And you'll do it, with Kerek's help." She kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Goodbye."

****

The Doctor closed the Tardis door, then handed the disruptor to Tegan. "Would you put this in a safe place? I have a feeling that I might need it again."

"Who built it?" asked Nyssa.

Tegan turned the gun over in her hands. "Anna?" she offered.

The Doctor laughed. "I hate to disillusion you, Tegan, but your friend is incapable of building that disruptor. She would have as much chance of putting one together as...well, as you would. No, it wasn't Anna." He leaned his arm on the console and stared off into space. "Her friend...."

Nyssa stood directly across from him. "But who was her friend?"

The Doctor smiled, his eyes glazing slightly. "I suppose we'll never know, for certain...anyway." He looked across at her. "But then again ...it is a small universe."

****

The control room was dark, even darker than before, if that was possible. Anna burst in. "I was captured by the ice warriors," she announced.

The man in the shadows moved, the cape flipping against his heels. "I didn't know," he said quietly. "If I had known that you would be in danger...."

Anna frowned. "I was shot at by an ice warrior!"

He paused. "You look well enough."

She pouted and turned her back to him. "It was only a stun ray. The Doctor said...." She paused awkwardly.

"Yes?" said the man, a polite inquiry.

Anna turned back to him, her skirt flaring. "He said it was lucky that it was only a stun bolt." Her voice softened as she thought about the blond Time Lord. "He was worried about me."

The man cleared his throat. "You were an enigma, a problem he could not solve. He could not resist that, I should know that, more than anyone else. Then, you were bright and honest, entirely likeable."

Anna moved into shadow to touch his arm. She could see his bright eyes turn away from her. "Don't," she said quietly.

"I would not have stopped you from going with him." The man's voice was firm, but something wavered within it. "I have no hold over you."

"Oh, yes you do." Anna smiled her pixie smile and skipped a few steps backward, into the light. "If I didn't bother you, you'd never get anything done. Besides, we're best friends. You need someone to look out for you."

She could barely see him, but she knew that the slightest trace of a smile crossed his usually stern face. He was amused. So often he was indifferent, or even antagonistic. But there were times.... Well, he seemed almost human....

"Where should we go now?" he asked mischievously. "Somewhere with an ambience of culture, savoirfaire...."

"Somewhere where we can get the lights fixed?" asked Anna.

"Perfectionist," he grumbled. He stepped out into the light, his cape flipped over one shoulder. "Where would you like to go, then?"

Anna laughed at his expression. She caught his hand and looked up at him affectionately. "Anywhere, Doctor. Anywhere and everywhere!"

I'll be Home for Christmas

Mark Hernandez

Circling the Earth at 24,000 mph, Emmet Ellthorn, walked the lonely corridor leading up to the flight deck. Advanced science could provide him with artificial gravity, but still could not find a cure for Space Inertial Adjustment Syndrome: motion sickness.

According to groundside it would be another 24 to 48 hours before he would be over the nagging problem. That would delay his departure time at least 72 hours! Emmet didn't know if he could wait that long. For the past six years, he had been training for this flight, and now, when he could all most taste it....

He turned his mind from the boringly routine safety procedures of space...no...time travel.

Time travelling. There were times when he still could not absorb the true implications of this mission. What was it that old T.V. show said, "Where no man has gone before," well, man had been where he was headed, but never twice!

The soor to the flight deck whooshed open as he approached it. He stuck his head through and glanced at the controls quickly. Everything looked allright. With a sigh he turned and headed back down the corridor and toward his quarters. Too hyper to sleep, but orders were orders....

****

"Roger, Houston. All lights show green. Preparing for temporal movement, now." said Emmet, unable to hide the glee in his voice.

"Okay, Emmet," came the reply from groundside. "Two minute countdown to start at my mark." The groundside controller, who was a great friend of Emmet's, paused maddeningly before he spoke the words that would start Emmet on his voyage. "MARK!"

Emmet released the safety lock and pushed the button that would start the mighty entropic inverters. He literally shouted into his com-set, "A-okay. We have agreen light on all systems!"

Picking up some of Emmet's enthusiasm, the controller shouted back, "Read you loud and clear, Emmet. Groundside crew are all listening, you got anything to say. Over."

"Red, the only thing I got to say is...is... I'll be home for Christmas! So you better get that turkey and stuff ready. 'Cause I 'magine I'll be a mite hungry....

"One minute thirty seconds," interrupted Red. "Godspeed Emmet Ellthorn, come home safe." the words were traditional, dating back to the first manned space flights, but there meaningwas still of import.

Emmet activated his viewscreen and took a long look at his birth world. His eyes were filled with awe and wonder over the breath-taking beauty of the Earth. He said a silent goodbye.

"Thirty seconds, " intoned Red into his com-set. "Good luck ol' buddy!" he said again.

Fingering the reply button, Emmet said, "Remember I'll be home for Christmas."

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,...."

Emmet's hands gripped the sides of his seat until the knuckles were white. A sudden calm overtook him as he realised, "This is it."

"...three, two, one, CONTACT!"

Tracking stations around the world and on the moon reported the same thing without varience; at 7:17 pm, Grenwich time, on December 17, 2037, Emmet Ellthorn and the temporal excursion vehicle, Paradox, vanished without a trace.

****

"Doctor?" queried Zoe. "Doctor , what does this red light mean?" as she spoke, she pointed with her finger to a flashing red bulb on the Tardis' console.

"Oh dear," said the Doctor, apparently quite shaken by the meaning of the little red light. He rushed around from the other side of the console and twisted several dials. He flicked a number of switches in rapid succesion. "Let me see...that one, this one, increase this, not too much...Yes...yes...Oh no!...NO, not again...Switch this by ten degrees...."

"Doctor, what is it? Can I help?" asked Zoe in growing panic. The Doctor was obviously upset by something.

"Zoe! Don't just stand there. Huury over and adjust the lateral slip vectors before something dreadful haooens." All the while he was talking, the Doctor's hands flew across the controls of the Tardis.

Zoe rushed to do what the Doctor had told her to because she,by now, realised they were in great danger. "What shall I set them to, Doctor?"

"What? Oh, anything as long as the slip varience does not exceed the forward ratio of time/space velocity."

Zoe changed the controls accordingly.

"Whats goin' on 'ere?" asked Jamie, as he stepped into the Tardis' control room.

"We're in dreadful trouble, Jamie," shouted Zoe as she double checked her corrections to the slip vectors.

"What is it now?" he asked, as he rushed to the console.

"I don't know," said Zoe. "But the Doctor is rather upset about it."

"Will you two quit arguing and help me sort this out. Or do you want to stand there and bicker to the end? Which may not be that far away." he added ominously.

Zoe and Jamie just looked at each other.

****

Emmet was in pain. Never in all his life had he hurt so much. The controls of the Paradox swam before him as he tried to focus his eyes. Even that hurt.

The mighty Paradox was like a bit of flotsam in the ocean that was the time vortex.

Seconds after the Paradox entered the vortex it's sensors failed. System after system shut down until Emmet had been plunged into a stygian darkness. Not long after that, the safety seals on his space suit had automaticly closed. He was all alone in a technological death trap that had challenged the Cosmos and lost.

Emmet could feel the Vortex around him suffocatingly. He could feel the ship begin to drift in the eddies of time itself.

He began to cry uncontrollably.

****

The Doctor looked worried. He brushed an imaginary bead of sweat from his fore head. The hair that lay there was swept to one side for a brief second before falling back into place. He had taken off his scruffy black frock coat and was in shirt sleeves as he stared intently at the console.

"I don't know," he said to know one in particular. "There's difinitely something out there following us...." he rattled on and on.

Zoe and Jamie were in the Tardis' larder, if you could call it that. The room was no more than a closet with high shelves that were stacked with things that the Doctor said were edible.

Zoe was perched on Jamie's shoulders so she could reach the top shelf.

"by his own mouth he says we're in danger and then thirty minutes later he sends us to scrounge for food that an ice warrior wouldn't eat," mused Jamie.

Zoe looked down at him crossly, "If you don't want to help me then please leave." She strained to reach the top shelf just as Jamie shifted his weight. The resulting imbalance landed them both on the floor in a tangled heap.

"Get your bloody foot out of my side," roared Jamie.

"Ohhh!" moaned Zoe painfully, "You landed on my foot! I think my ankle is sprained."

"Ach, I'm soory Zoe," said Jamie soothingly. "Let me help you up."

"I can manage," said Zoe stifling a giggle. You ought to try and get that stuff for the Doctor. I'll wait over here," she said as she limped to a spot just outside the doorway.

"Aye, the Doctor. It's all his fault when you think about it."

"Now don't go blaming the Doctor for your own clumsiness," she said sternly. "In fact, just for that, you could do with a bit of confinement." And with that she slammed the door shut and raced down the hall on an perfectly healthy ankle.

****

Emmet's head felt as if it were going to explode. It seemed as if every suttle shift in the position of the Paradox caused him more pain. This was not what he or anybody else had envisioned as time travel.

Time travel. That was perhaps the cruelest joke of all. He didn't know what was happening, but he sure wasn't time travelling.

****

Zoe burst into the control room a half second before Jamie. She was giggling hysterically; Jamie was glaring fiercely. The Doctor seemed not to notice.

He extended a hand toward the two of them. When it was not filled by the expected food stuff, he looked up. His entire face frowned at them.

Zoe saw the look on the Doctor's face and stopped giggling. Jamie was shaking a stern finger in her face, when he realised the Doctor was eyeing them.

"Children, children. Can't you play without getting mad at each other? By the way, where's my Akbarian sausage?" the Doctor clicked at them disapprovingly. "In times of great stress I find that a good sandwich does more to soothe the nerves than all most anything...." he paused, patting his pockets. "Now where did I leave it?"

"If you mean your recorder," began Zoe, "I think you left it in your coat."

"Thank you," said a delighted Doctor. He crossed to the coatrack that occupied one corner of the control room and searched the pockets of his coat for his beloved recorder.

"Are we still in danger?" asked Jamie. He somehow felt that that the Doctor was going to blame him for the loss of a sandwich. The Doctor could be pretty strange at times.

The soft strains of a hauntingly beautiful melody filled the air of the Tardis' control room. The Doctor paused as if to adjust his pitch, but became thouroughly involved by something else. After he had stood there for several moments, Zoe, touched him lightly on the arm.

"Doctor? Are you allright? You seemmed to go off in a daze. What happened?" She drew nearer to him.

Jamie looked on from the door of the control room. "Now don't go and be botherin' 'im, girl. He's thinkin' of somethin', I ken feel it."

Zoe turned to shoot Jamie an icicle stare, when the Doctor stirred.

"Yes, yes, of course. Why didn't I think of it before." He refocused his eyes and took in the young girl standing in front of him . "Zoe, I sometime think that I'm not the man I used to be." With a twinkle in his eye and a 'scale' on his recorder, the Doctor turned back to the Tardis' console. "A Singular Entropic Event Paradox is exactly what we're facing."

"I knew he was thinkin'," said Jamie gloomily. "First he thinks and then we get in trouble."

"Jamie, I wonder if I could bother you for that sandwich Iwas craving a short while ago." said the Doctor, as he bent over the control console.

"I knew it," cried Jamie. "You allways blame me. It's...."

The Doctor looked up and gave Jamie his'sad' look. "There's a good lad," he said . The Doctor then bent back to the console and the task at hand.

Still standing by the Doctor, Zoe walked over to Jamie with a sly smile on her face. "Come on Jamie," she said, too sweetly, "I'll help you." one could hear her giggling all the way down the hall.

Jamie just shook his head in dispare.

****

In a darkened corridor of the Paradox, a strange grinding sound filled the air. The Tardis materialized in the narrow passageway that led from the flight deck to the crews' quarters. The Doctor emerged from the Tardis eating a very large sandwich.

"Now you stay in there," he called back into the Tardis. "It's not at all pleasant out here. " He then carefully closed the door with both hands, while holding his sandwich in his mouth.

A faint sound to his right caught his attention. The Doctor strained to hear it again. Nothing.

He took a bite of his sandwich.

Still nothing.

Then, there it was again. The Doctor took a step toward the sound, then paused, and took another bite of his sandwich. He then proceeded to investigate.

****

Emmet thought that he was seeing things.

A man. A small man, who held a half eaten sandwich in one hand, was bending over him. The man stared at him intently for several moments before he moved. Then quickly, the man shoved the sandwich into his mouth and then with both hands free, grabbed one of Emmet's and pumped vigorously.

"Hello old man. How do you do? My name's the Doctor."

Emmet fainted.

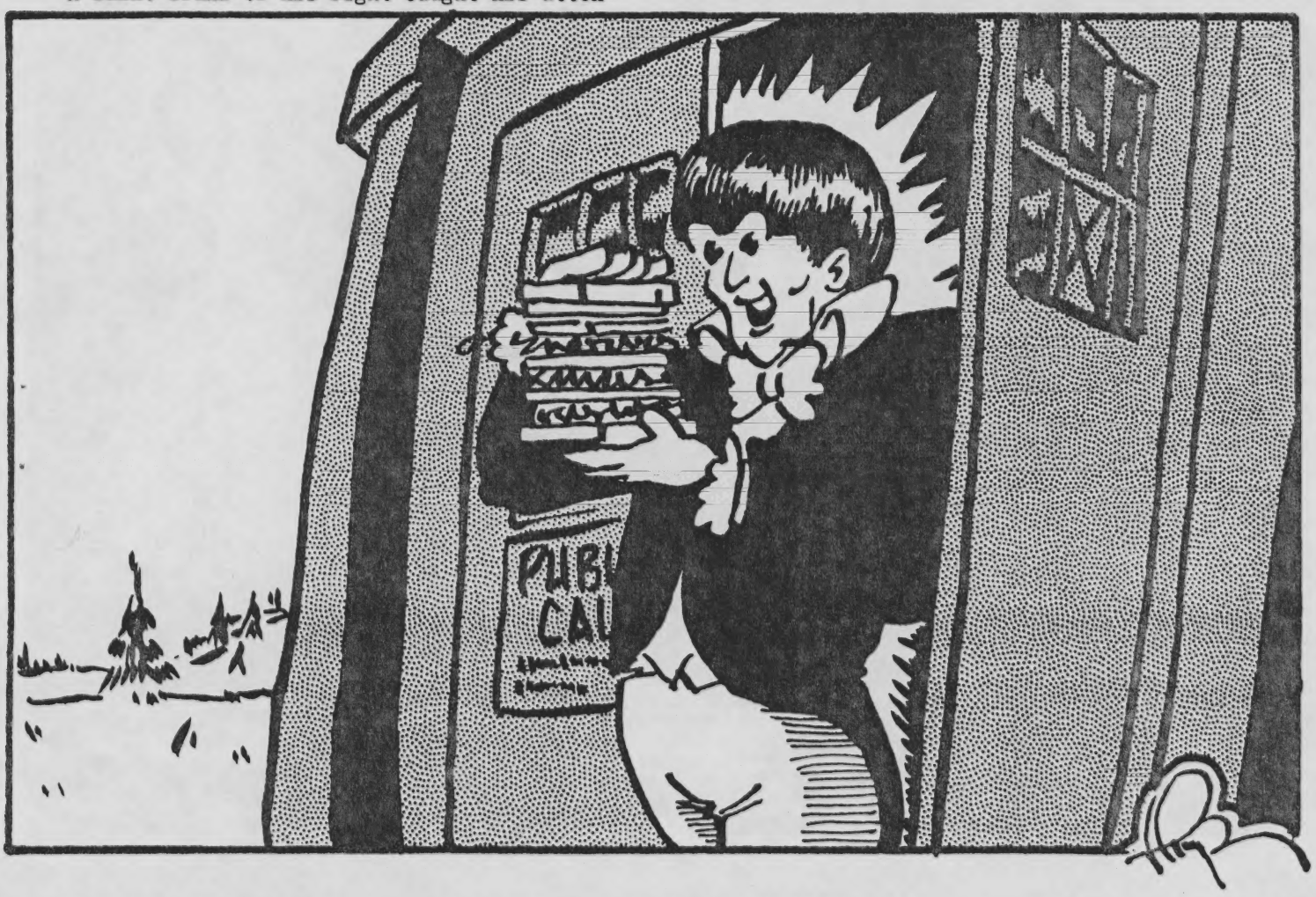
****

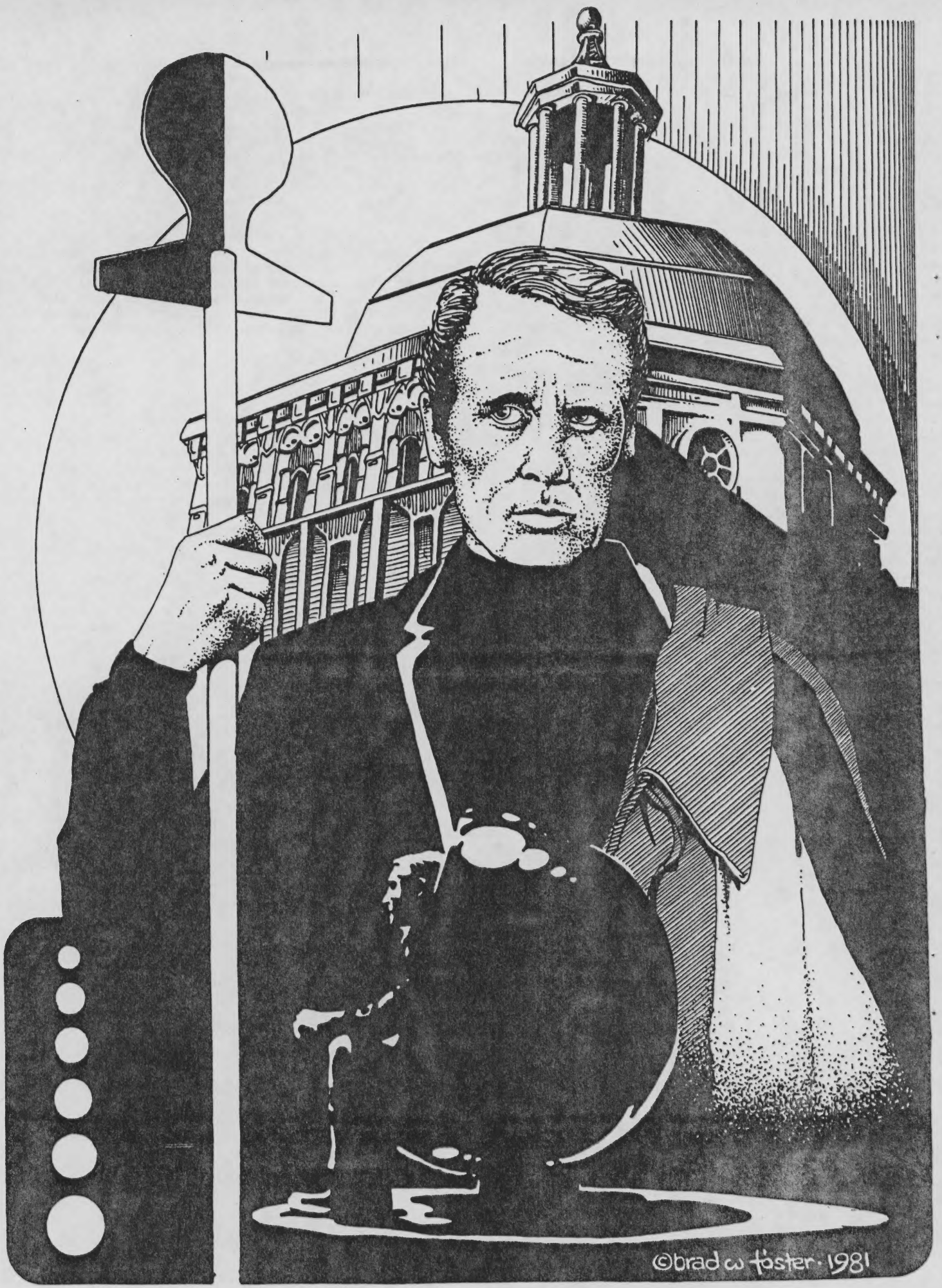
"How is he, Doctor?" queried Zoe.

"Oh, he'll be allright, " said the Doctor. He motioned for her to leave as he picked up his coat and a few odds and ends that looked like medical instruments.

Ouside the room they had put him in, Zoe again queried the Doctor on Emmet's condition.

The Doctor's brow nitted momentarily as he considered the question. "There is one thing that puzzles me," he admitted. "The poor lad keeps mumbling about being somewhere for Christmas." he paused, looked down at Zoe, then walked down the hall to the control room. "I wonder what I did with the rest of that sandwich?"




©brad w foster · 1981

Limbo Shawn M. Garrett

The Prisoner looked outside, from his cage. Snow was falling in great fluffy drifts. He leaned close to the window, his breath fogging it over, and stared. And waited.

Suddenly he realized that his tea was still sitting on the table beside him. He leaned back and reached out for the cup.

The room around him, his cage, was lit by a cheery fire in the fireplace. Sipping his tea, he rocked silently in his chair, staring at nothing.

A sound suddenly punctured the air. It was muffled, but still audible in the hush of the room. He jumped and pressed his face close to the window. Seeing nothing, he threw the window upward and jammed his head out into the frigid air. The sound continued.

It was an odd groaning,grinding sort of noise. The Prisoner stuck his head out further and his eyes widened as a blue box appeared in the snow. Quickly he looked around and, seeing no one in the alley, slammed the window back down and headed for the door.

****

"Doctor, what happened?" protested Sarah, hands on her hips. She had almost gotten used to the question by now, as well as the unintelligible answer.

"It appears as if the Tardis has fallen into a sort of null-temporal extension," the Doctor answered, removing his hat and straining to see under the Tardis console.

"Which means?"

"Well, we sort of hit a...Time Gap, so to speak. Hold this, will you?" He passed her his long scarf, unlooping it into her arms.

Sarah wound it around one arm. She walked to the console and turned on the viewscreen control. The screen flashed, then showed the image of a snow-laden alley. At the far end was a large tree, decorated with a profuse collection of shimmering glass balls. "Oh, Doctor, it's Christmas!" whispered Sarah in delight. "Where are we?"

The Doctor's voice was muffled by the console. "Don't know, Sarah. The fall into the Time Gap disconnected the temporal sensors. It'll only take a minute to fix up the old girl and set the recharge. And then...." He paused, remembering her hopeful question. "...We go outside and see where we are."

****

The Prisoner watched the box warily. The other oddly decorated buildings showed no sign of movement. He hoped no one else might come upon his discovery.

His new chance at escape.

Escape. The word still seemed as unreachable to him as the stars. What if it were another trick?, he thought suddenly. He would have to wait and see.

Presently, the door of the box opened and a tall man with curly hair and a long scarf exited. He was followed by a rather pretty young woman in a fur jacket.

He pulled himself from the side of the alley and walked up to the pair.

"...And it certainly looks like Christmas, Doctor," Sarah was finishing.

"Oh,it is Miss. It is, " the Prisoner said, startling both travellers.

"Ah yes," began the Doctor. "And just where <u>is</u> here?" He grinned at the man.

"This is the Vil...."

A sudden hissing noise spun him around. At the opposite end of the alley, a large balloon-like form was rapidly approaching them.

"Quickly...run!" the man yelled. He dashed out toward the square, by the Christmas tree.

"No, this way!" called the Doctor, running to the door of the Tardis and throwing it open. They dived in and the doors hissed shut behind them.

The Prisoner said a silent prayer. He had been told that some of those things could kill.

****

Outside, the balloon creature bounced against the Tardis. Several times, it jolted the Tardis wall, but nothing happened. At last it stopped and turned, floating up and away, over the tree-tops.

****

Sarah watched it float away on the viewscreen. "What was it?" She cringed inwardly, thinking about its rubbery texture. "Doctor?"

"Prhaps we ought to ask our friend here, hmn?" The Doctor turned to him.

The man was wearing a dark blazer, a dark shirt, and black pants. "That's not important. But there is something that may very well be." He walked up to the Doctor. "What is your name?"

"I'm the Doctor. And this is...."

"Sarah. Sarah Jane," she jumped in.

"Sarah?" asked the man thoughtfully. "I once knew a Sarah...." He looked around for a chair and, not seeing any, leaned against the console.

The Doctor walked up to him and touched him on the shoulder, causing the man to jump, like a tight spring unwinding. "Just where are we?"

"Hell."

****

"I am trying to explain to you! If we do not try to escape now, we will be trapped for the rest of our lives. I saw this box of yours appear out of nowhere and I'm betting that it can do the same in reverse. It may be my last chance at escape."

The man pounded his fist on the console. "If we do not leave soon they will find us. You've got to get this thing moving."

"We're almost recharged." The Doctor crawled out from beneath the console. "Yes, there it is. All right, hold tight everyone." The Doctor flipped a switch, then grabbed the console.

****

The silence of the alley was once again broken by the odd groaning sound. The box faded from sight.

****

Inside, the Doctor fingered another switch. "Here we go!"

He flipped the switch.

Nothing happened.

They waited breathlessly.

Still nothing.

"That's odd. I thought it sho--"

His words were cut off by Sarah's scream when they were all thrown across the control room.

The man helped the Doctor and Sarah to their feet. "Thank you. Mr. .... We never did get your name, did we?" asked Sarah.

"Drake. Doctor, what happened?"

"That question is rapidly becoming redundant." The Doctor grumbled to himself as he checked the scanners. Suddenly his head shot up. He quickly flicked over some switches, then rushed to the other side of the console.

"The Time Gap closed when we tried to leave. We've been flung back to the bottom!"

****

Back in the alley, the Tardis flickered into existence, then disappeared. It reappeared again. Giving one, final groan, it stayed material.

****

"Damn!" Drake slammed his fist down onto the console.

"It'll be all right. Really," consoled Sarah. "The Doctor's fixing it now."

Drake looked at her. "Oh no, Miss Smith," he said softly. "He can't fix it." He looked down to a shiny metal panel. "I thought I could get away, I thought that I could escape. There're never going to let me leave."

"It's all right." The Doctor crawled out from under the console again. "I've fixed the power system. If were lucky, we can beat the Gap before it closes. Some unknown power seals it whenever we try to leave."

"Not unknown,Doctor." Drake walked to the doors. "Open them, please."

"Why? We're ready to dematerialize."

"You'll never beat the Gap with me in here." Drake still faced the doors. "They're not letting me go. Each time you try, it will close. There will come a time when it will not open again. Let me out."

"But why?" pleaded Sarah. "We could find a way...."

"Let me out, now!" Drake leaned forward, pounded his fist on the door. Then, he turned to the Doctor. These people were not his enemies and he let them see his true feelings, the pain filled eyes masked by fear. "I will not allow anyone else to be caught here. I would never consign any living soul to this limbo."

The Doctor deliberately walked to the console, each step precise and heavy. Silently, he opened the doors. He walked forward, touched Drake on the shoulder and unwound his scarf with the other hand. "You're a very brave man." He presented Drake with the scarf. "Merry Christmas."

Drake took the scarf and nodded. Then, he turned and walked out into the alley.

He stood in the snow and watched. The Tardis groaned and disappeared, leaving no stir in the alley drifts. There were only a few footprints made earlier, but even they were being filled in by the still falling whiteness.

****

Sarah waited for the Doctor to say something.

He did. "We're out." His tone was a death knell.

Sarah bit her lip, trying to hold her tears. Thought, that's what was called for. "Where were we really?" she asked softly.

"Limbo. An area built into a Time Gap. Maybe he said it best...hell."

"But why couldn't we leave with him? Will he ever get out?"

"Drake said they wouldn't let him." The Doctor paused, his hand tightening. "But I think it was more than that. He had something left to do. Eventually, it will be them or him." He straightened, smiling. "Yes, I think he'll escape eventually."

The Tardis continued on through the Vortex. Behind them, the Time Gap closed over the picturisque village.

****

The Prisoner sat, staring out of his window. The snow was still falling. He didn't look up when he heard the front door open.

125 a slim blonde, entered. "Hello, Number 6 . Or rather, Merry Christmas," she said cheerfully.

He still stared out the window. Over his neck and across his lap fell the scarf.

She picked up one end and ran her hand across it."Where did you get this? It's very nice."

"It was a present."

"Well, Merry Christmas." She walked to the door.

He watched the snow.

"...And a happy new year."

The Prisoner sat in his cage.

personally, i prefer the alistair sim version

by Susan Sizemore

Whether or not this small tale has any merit in my telling it I cannot for certain say. I have been asked on numerous occasions how I came to set down on paper certain of my writings. Most come from memory and observation while many of the incidents are spun,of course, from whole cloth. That is the craft of the author. There is a story of mine that has some small measure of popularity and here is how it came first to my thoughts.

On a certain snowy December evening I chanced to take a stroll along some of the side streets near St. Paul's. I was morose, thoughtful. There were words waiting within my mind but I had no knowledge of what they might be. I had hoped that a solitary stroll along the quiet thoroughfares might be of some aid in the organization of my thoughts.

While I passed below a streetlamp that cast a mellow glow into the night I heard a strange rumbling, groaning sound as of a ghost calling for attention from the unheeding living. I stopped to listen, looked about me and chanced to notice a structure behind me that I had not recalled passing. It had the appearance of a shed of some sort. Before I could step forward to investigate a door swung inward and out stepped an elderly man, and a short-haired urchin girl who looked about them in what seemed to be dismay.

For some reason I did not wish to call attention to my presence and stepped away from the lamplight.

The girl looked about her and asked, "Grandfather, is this London?"

"More or less, child," was his ambiguous reply.

"But it's not right!"

"You said you wanted to come to Earth, to London."

"But the year?"

"Well, perhaps that's a bit off."

"This is too far in the past!"

"Past, present, future, what difference does it make? The follies of the Human race can be observed in any period."

The girl whirled on him. "That isn't true! They change in the future, learn and grow. You told me that yourself."

"Did I? I don't recall saying that."

"Yes!"

"Bah," he muttered, "humbug. I said no such thing. Well, if you must have this excursion, let's be off."

So saying he and the girl withdrew once again into the small building. Very soon after a light began to glow on the structure's top and the eerie moaning came again. Then, much to my consternation the building faded slowly away like the ghost it - and they - surely must have been.

I stood, dumbstruck, my mind reeled, spun, sanity

slowly ebbed, then returned as the cold of the night sank into my bones. I hurried home to desk and pen and paper, in a panic to record the scene I had witnessed. But by the time I reached my study door all but images of ghosts of past, present, and future and thoughts of learning from mistakes were all that remained vividly in my mind. And a central theme of a crotchety old man saying "Bah! Humbug!"

And that, of course, is what I gave the world. I saved my ghosts in their box for myself.

TIME OUT FOR A FILK **

WISH LIST FOR AN EDITOR

On the first day of deadline my artist gave to me,
A partridge in a Pertwee

On the second day of deadline my artist gave to me,
Two Guardians
and a partridge in a Pertwee

On the (etc., you get the idea...)

On the twelfth, final deadline my artist gave to me,
Twelve Silurians roaring
Eleven pert companions
Ten jellybabies
Nine Gallifraeans
Eight dumb Movellans
Seven raging Daleks
Six mean Sontarans
Five regenerations.....
Four Cybermen
Three K-9's
Two Guardians
and a partridge in a Pertwee!

(inspired by a Gennie Summers cartoon!)
(instigated by Cheryl L. Petterson)
put to paper by Marguerite Krause

Gale Warnings

Well, it's that time again buckeroos....
Time for us to say farewell to another issue of Time Winds. So here's something to keep you warm until next time....

COMING IN ISSUE 10

Something special from Mark Hernandez and Jim Thompson..... THE CYBER-DALEK WAR

WHEN GABRIEL SMILES by Dana Mascia
The Doctor and Sarah Jane land on a beautiful planet that has something sinister hidden in its lush forrests. The Doctor just happens to stumble across it....

THE HIDDEN ENEMY by Susan M. Garrett and Mark Hernandez
The Doctor and Jo fly to America for a science conference. Dark forces loom ominously in the back ground and the Doctor suspects everybody!

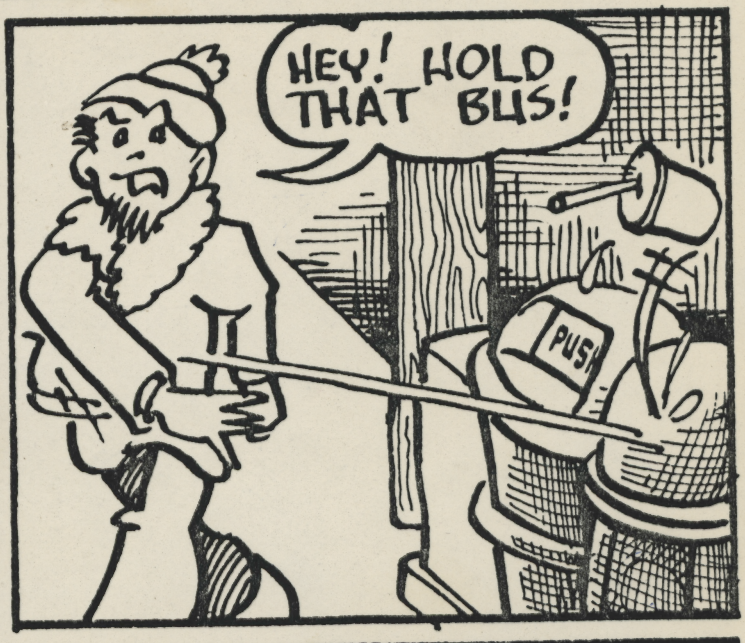
A DAY OUT IN SPACES or,
A NIGHT WITH MENOPTERA
Susan, Betsy, and their Doctor, take yet another journey in the Tardis that they built from a kit.

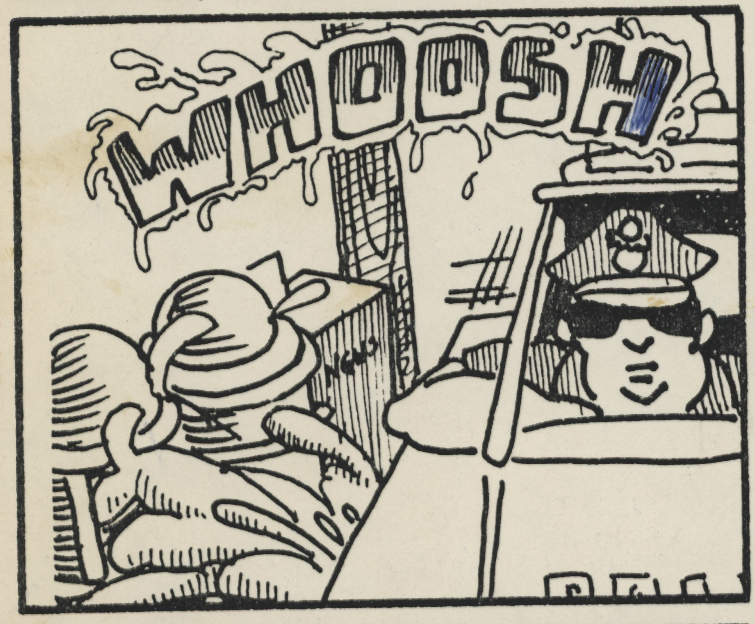
PLUS A WHOLE LOT MORE++++++++++++++++++++++

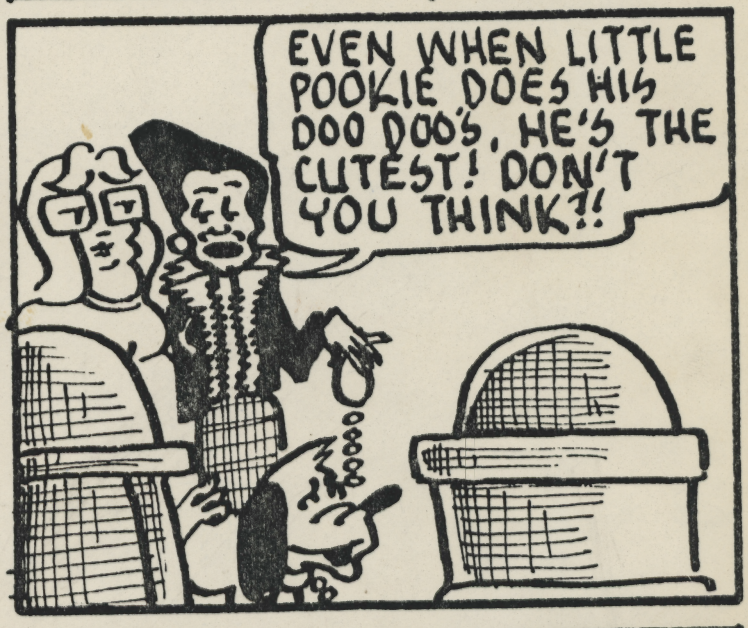
Available in mid- March
SASE to:
Mark Hernandez
6018 Parkdale
Dallas, Texas 75227

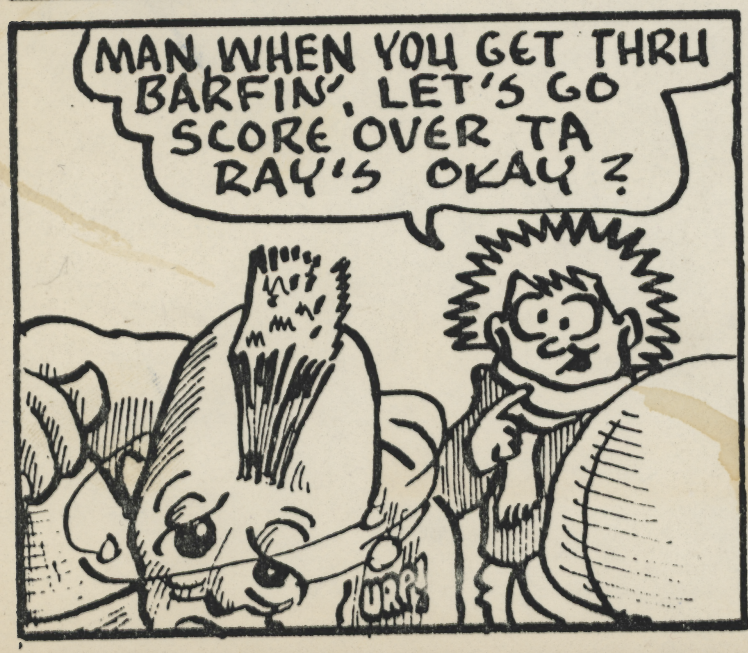
....go ahead, make my day...punk!

JUST ANOTHER DAY by Jim Thompson

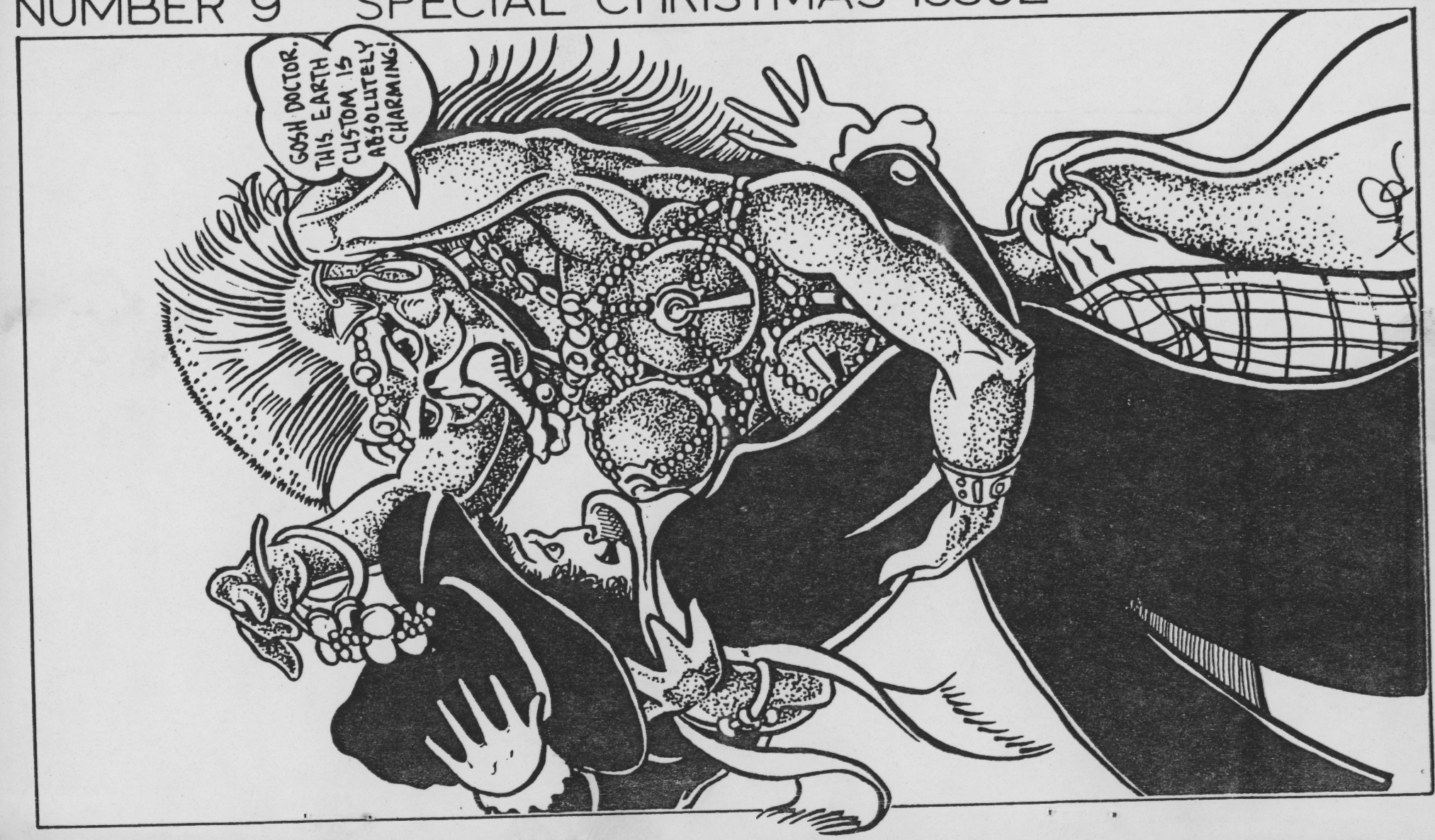








OATMEAL

LIKE WINDS

NUMBER 9 SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE